The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES — SPIRIT OF THE — LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY FISHER & INMAN.
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1833.

VOL. II.....WHOLE No. 135.
OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

Sports of the Turf.

BALTIMORE RACES.—*Central Course.*

THIRD DAY, 20th June.

Purse, $200—mile heats—best 3 in 5.

Chas. Jackson's ch. m. *Betsey Bell* by Henry, 5 years old,	2 2 1 1 2 1
A. H. Sherman's ch. h. *De Witt Clinton* by Ratler, aged,	1 3 3 2 1 2
J. M. Botts' b. m. *Ariadne* by Gohanna, 4 years old,	3 1 2 3 3 dr.
Mr. Dull's b. g. *Catch'em*, aged,	4 distanced.

The track was extremely heavy, and deep,—the rain continuing to fall throughout the Race. Six heats were run, of which *De Witt* took the first; but the second was by far the most closely contested and won in capital style by *Ariadne*,—*De Witt* was third, and Mr. Dull's gelding distanced, being unable to "*catch em.*" *Betsey Bell* took the purse,—winning the 3rd, 4th and 6th heats.

Time,—2 m. 4s.—1 m. 59 s.—2 m. 4s.—2m. 3s.—2 m. 5 s.—2 m. 4 s.

"BOUNCING DEER" IN THE "AMERICAN BOTTOM."

Mr. Editor,—Your readers have probably heard or read of the "American Bottom"—a large tract of rich and fertile land, in the great valley of the Mississippi. If not, they are now to learn that it is situate on the Mississippi river, between the mouths of the Illinois and Ohio rivers, north and south, and extending from the left bank eastward, to the hills and bluffs, which seem to have been the eastern boundary of the "great estuary"—so called by a modern speculatist; or, at any rate, the eastern termination of what may be said to be the natural bed of that river.

It has been discovered that the deer resort in great numbers to a place immediately opposite to, and about three miles distant from St. Louis, at two seasons of the year; once about the time they have their fawns, for the purpose, it is supposed, of avoiding the retired haunts of the wolves; and again as before stated, to shelter themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. They are found, indeed, at this place from September until about the last of February; or, in other words, at all times when they are, properly speaking, game—excepting only when the bucks are good and the does unfit for the table.

The method of killing them is as follows, viz:—A party of three or four, (or oftentimes one person alone, with or without a dog,) accompanied by a slow, well trained hound or two, approach the ground selected for the hunt, separating as they come to it, to the distance of from thirty to one hundred yards, as the nature of the ground dictates, and then move forward abreast of each other, watching for the first bound or jump of the deer, which is more frequently within the distance of fifty yards than otherwise. Should the deer jump up within shot, the person nearest to him fires. If he fail in bringing him down, the remainder of the party (the dog let loose) immediately give chase: some directly after him, and others with the intention of cutting him off from his favorite thicket, towards which, with a singular pertinacity and stubbornness, he directs and continues his course. Indeed, I have often seen them run side and side, with one or two of the party, for a half mile; and in spite of the exertions of the pursuer, enter the copse at a distance of no more than fifteen feet from the disappointed horsemen, whose guns have probably missed fire or been unsuccessfully discharged. Timid as they are by nature, this has been discovered a strong trait in their character:—they will, by a long continued and desperate effort, endeavor to run to a favorite thicket or pond. If the deer gain a thicket, it is surrounded as soon as possible, and the dog seldom fails to bring him out near the "stand" of some one of the party. This, however, dwindles down to the old system of "stand killing"—a kind of sport little to be compared to the one I have here described; more particularly, when the deer is missed by the first who fires. In that case, the excitement is intense—horsemen and deer are at their topmost speed in an instant—the country is level—the riding beautiful—the acts and objects of one visible to all—forming, including the scenery, a *tout ensemble* unequalled in all the annals of deer killing. It is true, the scene does not continue long—generally about half an hour; but it is so often repeated, with a variation sufficiently important only to create a pleasing variety, that it imparts a charm decidedly preferable to the long chase, and perhaps not the less so that the intervals between the "bouncing. (so it is ycleped) allow rest and breath to the horse enabling him to go fresh into every new chace."—*Skinner's Turf Register.*

SIR ARCHY.

This famous horse has cleared for his proprietor, (independent of his achievements on the turf) $70,000. He is still living, but in the extremity of old age, (in his 30th or 31st year.) His vigor is extinct. He has not shed his hair for several years, and it has grown to the length of two or three inches. A gentleman, who has lately seen him, says, that of all animals he is the worst looking, and would be the last taken for the most celebrated horse of the age. His owner treats him with all possible kindness, as it would be unpardonable indeed if he did not. Provender, without stint, at rack and manger, and a soft and delicate bed, proclaim the proprietor's gratitude. The door is left open to allow his egress and ingress at pleasure, but it is observed that Archy only comes out to drink, and having done so, immediately returns to his stable.

Except those of the finny tribe, it is conjectured that Sir Archy's posterity out-numbers that of any living animal.

A BOY LOST.

Thomas B. Wait Badger, (son of B. Badger, formerly Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and more recently of the N. w York Weekly Messenger,) left his parental home, on Monday morning, 10th inst. under circumstances peculiarly painful, and has not yet been found. He was a bright intelligent lad, in the 14th year of his age; rather full face, fair skin and large black eyes; the nail on the fore finger of the right hand had been torn nearly off by an accident, and has not yet grown out. He was dressed in a dark mixed broad cloth roundabout, new cloth pantaloons, thinner and lighter mixed than the roundabout; new light figured vest; blue mixed yarn stockings, and shoes that had been half soled and heeled. He left home without hat or cap, but may have obtained one since. Any person who shall return the lad to his parents, No. 15 King street, New York, or inform them where he may be found, shall be rewarded for the trouble and expense which they may incur in such a deed of mercy and benevolence.

☞ Editors and Printers who publish this notice, will confer a favor that will be duly appreciated, by an afflicted brother of the craft—June 26th, 1833.

Clough the Murderer.—The notorious Joel Clough, under sentence of execution for the murder of Mrs. Hamilton, at Bordentown, N. J. was on the 21st inst. discovered in the endeavor to break jail at Mount Holly. He had possessed himself of a sharp stone, with which he had succeeded in making a hole entirely through the wall, so that light could be seen in the aperture. In a short time he would have created a space large enough for egress.

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A match between Mr. Lucas of Philadelphia, and Mr. James Bache of New York took place at the Red House, near Harlem, on Tuesday last. The best out of fifteen birds;—to fire alternately 2 shots each. The result proved it to be rather a soft match, though the shooting of the winner was by no means equal to many of his former efforts. Mr. Bache brought down his first four birds,—missed the fifth, but killed the next two: failed in the eighth and ninth, but succeeded in the two following shots—missed the next, but brought down his birds on the 13th and 14th,—thus succeeding in ten out of fourteen,—and as Mr. Lucas had taken 11 shots and only brought down his birds in the first four and the 8th (missing 6 out of 11,) it was not, of course, possible for him to win, and Mr. Bache consequently took the stakes. This match excited much interest, as a trial of skill between the Gunners of New York and Philadelphia, though very little betting took place on the occasion. There were plenty of pigeons on the ground to be shot, but none to be plucked.

On the 4th of July, an elegant Buggy will be trotted for over the Course at the Harlem Trotting Park. Free for any horse that never won a purse. To trot under saddle carrying 145 lbs—two miles and repeat—and to start at 3 o'clock. Immediately after the above, a first rate young horse who can trot his mile within three minutes and a half, will be sold by auction.

SIR ARCHIE AND HIS SON CHARLES.

A friend from old Point Comfort writes us word under date of the 21st inst. "There is a report here this morning, that the celebrated Sir Archie, the sire of Sir Charles, died on the same day as the latter—the 7th inst. Within a month, Virginia has lost the most extraordinary man, and two of the finest horses that ever lived."

THE STUD BOOK.

This valuable and elaborate Work on which so much time and expense have been bestowed, is now in the hands of the printer, and will very shortly be presented to the Sporting World. An authentic "Stud Book" has long been wanting, and the unwearied industry with which Mr. Edgar has pursued his object for five and twenty years in seeking correct information of the pedigrees of all thorough bred horses in this country, affords the strongest presumption that this desideratum will be supplied.

Mr. Edgar, the proprietor of the Work, has not only occupied this length of years in searching for the true genealogy of all our Racers, but has travelled over 50,000 miles during that time in this one pursuit, at an enormous expenditure, to enable him to perfect his Work. When it is issued, we have no doubt the Sporting World will find he has completed his intention, as he has had opportunities and facilities afforded him which perhaps no other *could* procure.

The Work will be published in 2 volumes, and commence with the pedigrees of all the imported Horses from the year 1733 to the present day.—Firstly the English and Irish Horses. Secondly the Arabians,—thirdly the Barbs, and fourthly, the Spanish Horses. In the next, or fifth part, will be contained all thorough bred American Horses with their names and pedigrees complete. The whole alphabetically arranged, and of simple and easy reference. We have been favored with the M. S. for a short time, and augur most favorably of the work from the clearness and simplicity of all its arrangements.

The printing is confided to Mr. Henry Mason, of Maiden Lane, and his deserved reputation is a guarantee that it will be got up in first rate style.

The untiring zeal and industry which Mr. Edgar has displayed in this, entitle him to a liberal and early reward,—and we sincerely hope we shall soon have to record a demand equal to the merits of the work.

POETRY.

It has been said, but as we contend and are prepared to show, most wrongfully, that there is a deficiency of poetic genius on this side of the Atlantic; that the true afflatus cannot rise from the midst of our mountains, and lakes, and valleys. Now we take it that the capacity of a people for poesy is to be determined by the quantity and quality of the metre that is perpetrated annually, monthly, weekly or daily among them, and not as some would suppose, by the number or taste of the readers. These latter cannot readily be ascertained; they are vague, intangible, and indefinite—But the former materials for a judgment are certain and palpable, and the conclusions to be drawn from them are readily made apparent by the simplest proces[s] of calculation. For example; it is not a difficult matter to ascertain the number of newspapers and magazines that are published in the United States: and it may be assumed that in each of these a given number of original lines appears every day, or week, or month as the case may be; from these data the *quantity* may be got at with sufficient accuracy, making allowance for the daily papers in this city which are for the most part too full of politics to present their fair share of poetry; although it will not perhaps be required to make any deduction, even for them, when we remember the acres of rhyme that are written but never published. The next question then is as to quality; and here we feel ourselves upon firm ground—It is in fact almost incredible what choice morsels of inspiration are springing up daily around us, shedding their fragrance for a little time, and then quietly subsiding into oblivion. We could expatiate upon this topic at great length did time and the state of our columns permit; but the length to which these remarks have already extended, recalls to our mind the importance of brevity. The subject of this article was suggested by the accidental discovery of an exquisite little gem in the poetical line, which we dug out a few days ago from the somewhat brief columns of a modest cotemporary that once a week gladdens the eyes and the hearts of our brethren out in the west. This remarkable effusion is altogether too choice not to be worth transplanting—It is signed "Rolla" and addressed to "Cora"; a lady and gentleman between whom we are led to infer that there have heretofore existed certain love passages, which have terminated unhappily for the swain. But we will no longer detain our readers from the feast which they are no doubt impatiently expecting.

TO CORA.

May I ask if you receiv'd the token
I sent you the day you were married?
I hope that the mail was broke open,
Or by some other means it miscarried.

There is a delicacy in this stanza which deserves all praise; we are to infer that when the token was sent, the poet was not aware of the calamitous event mentioned in the second line, and hastens to express his regret at the apparent impropriety of his conduct; a regret so keen that he could rejoice even at the commission of a crime which should avert the disastrous consequences of his ignorance.

I felt anxious to send it before,
But I feared the charm would be broken,
If I ventured to sue or implore,
Or gave you a sign, or a token.

We could wish that Rolla had been a little more explicit as to the nature of the charm mentioned in this stanza; in that case we might have been able to solve the mystery of the next:

And indeed, it seems that the spell
Dissolved at the moment I sent it—
I believe the arch ruler of h—ll
Must have planned and so ordained it.

We are pleased to find that the gentleman mentioned in the third line, has had less influence on the lady than Rolla seemed to expect; as appears from the following:

I indulged in the frail delusion
That HE would not permit you to wed,
Until, to my utter confusion,
The account of your marriage I read.

It severed the last link that bound me,
And set me adrift on Fate's billow—
I'm heedless of all that's around me—
My harp I have hung on the willow.

We would give our best pen to know three things: firstly, what Rolla was bound to by the link which Cora's marriage has severed: secondly, where he floated when set adrift; lastly, why he did not hang himself instead of his harp; it would have been better for him, and much more pleasant for his readers.

'Twas the beautiful GEM I admired,
Not the *gilding* in which it was set—
Its lustre could not have inspired
A passion like mine, when we met;

A delicate way of insinuating that the lady had cash, but that he never thought of that when making love to her:

Which burns like unquenchable fire,
And defies all my efforts to smother—
I don't think it will ever expire,
Although you'r the wife of another.

We admire the scrupulous regard for truth evinced in the last two lines: most lovers would have boldly asserted the eternal durability of their passion; but Rolla knows the uncertainty of human resolves, the transitory nature of human affections, and contents himself with an expression of his opinion.—There is policy in it too: he is aware that a pair of brighter eyes may yet claim his devotion: that his worn and wasted heart may yet become another's prize, and he feels how awkward it would be when swearing eternal constancy at her feet, to have thrust into his face, a record that should at once convict him of the rankest perjury.

It must be fresh in the memory of most readers that some few weeks ago a poor woman named Riley—who had sought and obtained her husbands pardon from the Governor, arrived with it at the prison at Sing-Sing, full of hope and expectation, only to hear that the object of her solicitude had died the day before. She is now in great distress, and a few of her friends are anxious to raise enough money to send her back to her native Ireland. Any donation sent to her at 65 1-2 Canal street, or through this office, will be gratefully received by the poor sufferer.

A DUEL.

From "Transatlantic Sketches"—By Capt. Alexander.

[Unpublished.]

In your part of Kentucky, are there any duels now?"

"Yes, we've sometimes a little rifle and buckshot practice, but not so often as I remember in my younger days. In our town, a duel took place a short time ago, which gave us a good deal of amusement. The parties were a doctor and a lawyer, who had quarrelled at a horse-race; they agreed to fight next morning with rifles, in a copse of thirty acres of tree and bushwood, and take every advantage, like the Indians. Accordingly the lawyer, to make sure of his man, went out of town at night, and lay in a copse till morning, with the rifle pointed over a log towards the road, by which he expected his antagonist to come.—The day dawned, and the sun rose, still no doctor appeared; the lawyer was beginning to think that his enemy had taken fright and declined the combat, and he was going to the town to proclaim the poltroon, when he heard a stick break behind him, and looking up, he saw the doctor's rifle presented within ten feet of his head. The lawyer forthwith called a parley, and was allowed to go off into the wood to try again: away he went, and looking about he found a hollow tree; in it he esconced himself, and remained quiet for some time, when, hearing no noise, he ventured to look out with one eye, when "crack" went a rifle from some bushes in front of him, and the bark of the tree was knocked off by a ball, within an inch or two of his head. He saw smoke, but no doctor, and therefore, could not return the fire; he accordingly called another parley. The doctor, who had been often out with Indians, now showed himself, and agreed to make up the quarrel. They returned to town and had a horn together, and we had a good laugh at the lawyer.'

Ingenious Orthography.—A gentleman at the Temple received his laundress' weekly account the other day, made out in the style of spelling and hand writing peculiar to the sisters of the suds; but there was one charge of 1s. 6d. for "skewering the stars," which defied even his practiced comprehension. After wondering for some time, how such a work could ever have been performed, and still more why it should have been executed particularly at his expense, the debtor sent for Mrs Pearlash, when the reading turned out to be "for scouring the stairs."

UNCLE NAT.

"A *Yankee's* a *Yankee*, find him where you will—
Try him as you may, he'll prove a *Yankee* still."

Not long since there lived somewhere in New England an old fellow whose fame was extended many miles from the little spot which he called home, known by the name of Uncle Nat; and he belonged to that class of men, who, instead of eating that they may live, rather live that they may eat. That he had been no pretender in this business, would clearly and unequivocally appear, by a simple glance at his latitudinal and longitudinal dimensions.

He was a hero of a pot of beans, and place him in the region of eatables, and no landlady would have occasion to complain of incivility on his part, for on such occasions he never failed to pay her a highly flattering compliment—a compliment that could by no means be mistaken. Uncle Nat never was guilty of *leaving one dish* to tell the fate of the others, and those who came at the *eleventh* hour usually found a strong argument for *fasting*.

Now our hero from his youth up, indulged a propensity to see the West, but it was not till gray hairs had made their appearance, that he resolved to make a tour of the Western and Southern States, and he was urged to this conclusion, by the firm conviction that he could not die in peace and quiet until his vision had been blessed with an actual view of those scenes, which he had so often heard described. Not many years ago, Uncle Nat, feeling that the time had *come*, on a fine May morning, placed his saddle bags upon an old nag, sylepted Hugs, then mounted himself and summoning his only companion, a favorite dog, *Squire Rouse*, by a signal to the said Rouse well known, away he went, bidding an affectionate adieu to various old dames, whose skill in cooking he had not unfrequently had occasion to commend, and doffing his broad rimmed hat in civility to every old maid, with whom, in days of yore, he had enjoyed many an innocent frolic.

After having pursued his journey for many days over hill and dale, he at length found himself beyond the limits of New England, in the famous state of New York. It was at the close of a beautiful day that he urged his old nag, by a few *striking* appeals from the whip, into the village of ——, where to his great satisfaction, he saw a large collection of people—for Uncle Nat always supposed that there was sport in progress, where he beheld a busy, moving crowd. As he approached, the characters of the individuals who composed it, were to our hero well known, as the language of jockeys, its dialects and idioms, was perfectly familiar to his ear. Into this group, sans ceremonie, Uncle Nat entered, with an open hearted "How do ye do" to all, and a stranger would have supposed that he was one of their own number, late in his arr. al. It was a *grand fair* for running, trotting and trading horses! Here Uncle Nat felt himself *at home*, and was a stranger alike to embarrassment [illegible] having been whispered among the group, that he was a Yankee—and cunning grimaces indicated that the tricks which his predecessors had practised were now, if possible, to be severely visited upon this inoffensive new comer.

Uncle Nat appeared to be a good-natured, credulous old fellow, easy to be imposed upon, which not a little sharpened the zeal and earnestness of the Dutchmen, who now needed nothing, by way of stimulus, already rejoicing at the anticipated dismay of the Yankee, when he should find himself *duped*. Squire Rouse in the mean time seemed to be in an element to which he had been accustomed, and to have forgotten that he had endured the fatigue of a long journey.

"Is your horse a trotter?" asked one. "Why," replied Nat, "as for the matter of that, I guess the *critter* will jog along some!"

"Will you plank a ten dollar, and trot a mile?" continued the stranger—

This was a hard question for Uncle Nat to answer—he did not fear that Hugs would be distanced, but the journey which had been already long, was not half performed. After having carried the matter to the tribunal of his better judgment, he was about to refuse, when a second came up from the group, which had been holding a private consultation—

"I say, Jo," said he, "you don't want to trot your Ranger with that old shabby bundle of skin and bones—" 'twould be an everlasting disgrace to him."

Jo hesitated a moment, and gave a kind of half suppressed mutter, when the other resumed—

"Why I can run faster myself than that old nag can trot"—

"I'll plank a hundred on that"—interrupted Uncle Nat, whose ire had been somewhat kindled at the outrageous abuse which had thus been heaped upon old Hugs.

"'Tis done," said the stranger, "but pause.—I'll bet a hundred, that I can jump *up behind your back three times*, before you shall have gone twenty rods!"

Uncle Nat could stand it no longer—the old purse was drawn out and the cash produced. He proposed to deposit the cash in the hands of a stranger, who at that moment arrived, after the conditions of the bet should be fairly stated and well understood, to which the other consented. The stranger was requested, and, after some urging, agreed to comply with their wishes.

"Now," said Uncle Nat, "he puts up one hundred, that he can jump up behind my back three times before I can trot my horse the distance of twenty rods—if he does you are to deliver the two hundred to him: if he does not then I am to have the same."

"Is this statement correct?" said the stranger. Both said *aye*. The jockeys could hardly refrain from laughing as they looked upon the old Yankee, who did not suspect any *play* upon *words!*—"Poor old soul," said they, "he'll be bled for a hundred"—

"*Perhaps* I may," said Nat, happening to overhear, "and *perhaps* I may not—various opinions *on that point*." Old Hugs was now mounted and aroused from his stupidity, by the application of Uncle Nat's huge heels to his *rib visible sides*.—"Now," said he, "I must get Hugs warm, and will ride him up yonder I guess"—so away went the trio, Uncle Nat, Hugs and Squire Rouse, to the great merriment of the jockey club, who were now congratulating themselves that Dutchmen were no more to be *duped* by Yankees; and it would have done one's heart good, to have witnessed their joy, when Uncle Nat returned with Squire Rouse at his side. Up he came, and appeared a little dejected as he began—"Any how, you, old Hugs is rather stiff, and I'm *afeard* he won't do as he has—*however*, I'll try—but see here, Mr. Better, you must agree that you won't hurt me."

"O yes, I'll not hurt you a hair"—"that's right," interrupted Uncle Nat, "and you'll agree not to jump ahead of my saddle"—

"Certainly, certainly," replied the other, who imagined that Uncle Nat would like to retreat—"If I jump or go further forward than the hind part of the saddle, then it is no bet."

"This is your agreement, is it?" inquired the stakeholder—as before, they answered *aye*. Whereupon Uncle Nat insisted that a fleet horse and an expert rider should accompany them, in order that no difficulty should arise on this point; and to gratify his *notion*, as they call it, this was agreed to, and while these were being provided, Uncle Nat dismounted. The twenty rods were now measured and the last scene of the drama was drawing to a close. "Wake up—wake up," shouted Uncle Nat, as he was applying his whip to Hugs legs, "a hundred's to be lost or won!" Uncle Nat now mounted, to the surprise of all, and to the great dismay of the Dutchman better, *with his back towards* Hugs's *head*, and when the signal was given, away he went, yet *slowly*, exclaiming "*three times—remember!*" with Squire Rouse at his side. Here was a sad change in the Dutchman's prospects—instead of *jumping up three times*, after the Yankee had started, as he expected, being all the while *behind his back*, he stood still, and was dejected with a *grief*, purchased at the expense of a hundred dollars! After having trotted his twenty rods, and having performed a grand *right-about*, he returned at a rate which confounded the already astonished Dutchmen, and approaching the stranger—"I'll take that money now, I guess," said he, and the money was delivered without a murmur on the part of the lately elated jockey. "Come in my boys," said Uncle Nat, "come in, we'll have some supper now—by golly, I'll pay for't—come along, I say—My name's old Uncle Nat, *the Yankee!*"

* * * * * * *

In the History of our hero there are many rare specimens of a true Yankee—but he is now no more! We copy from a letter, which we have just received, our intelligence in regard to his unhappy fate—

"No news for you—not a bit—save that they have just found old Uncle Nat, who disappeared some time last winter. He was seen floating in —— pond, frozen up in a huge cake of ice, as stiff as a poker—some say with his whip in his hand." Thus has ended the temporal history of the master of "*Squire Rouse.*"—*Lansingburgh Gaz.*

A CHEAP AND CONVENIENT BATH.

There is one mode of refreshing and *hardening* the body that is extremely cheap, extremely convenient, and yet seldom adopted. The warm and cold baths are indispensable to health. No system can go on with its full natural vigor, so long as the pores of the skin are encumbered and obstructed by the particles of perspirable matter, that not being carried off by evaporations, accumulate on the surface. In some form or other, general ablution is required, and that often, by all animals, and by none more than by man. Independently of the benefits of cleanliness derived from such baths, there are other advantages resulting from them which, to medical men certainly, are already sufficiently familiar. But the cold and the warm bath are attended with some inconvenience, and with so much expenditure of time, and, in this city, of money, that all should be reminded of the power of the *air bath*, in promoting both health and comfort, and rendering the water bath less frequently necessary. It costs nothing to expose oneself a few minutes, on rising in the morning, to the air of a dressing room, and after a short time, it will always be regarded as a luxury. In summer the windows of the apartment may be open, and external air admitted freely around the person. If to this delicious and invigorating bath, friction be added, [illegible] would more surely answer the end of preventing disease and imparting tone and vigor to the whole system.

Time even need not be given to this bath. The windows being thrown open, and the door of the dressing room shut, the operation of shaving (which by the way is performed at this time with more ease, and less danger of drawing blood, than at any other part of the day,) and the ceremonies of ablution may all be performed in a state of nudity; so that the thorough air bath may be taken every day without the least possible expense, even of a moment's time, without inconvenience, and with great advantage to the body and mind.

We forbear to dilate on this subject. To the wise, the word already written will be sufficient. The foolish, pages of arguments and explanation would but confirm in their folly.—[Med Journal.]

COLONEL CROCKET.

During the Colonel's first winter in Washington, a caravan of wild animals was brought to the city and exhibited. Large crowds attended the exhibition; and prompted by common curiosity, one evening Col Crocket attended.

"I had just got in," said he, "the house was very much crowded, and the first thing I noticed was two wild cats in a cage. Some acquaintance asked me if they were like the wild cats in the back woods, and as I was looking at them one turned over and died." The keeper ran up and threw soup water on it. Said I, "Stranger, you are wasting time. My looks kills them things—and you had better hire me to go out here, or I will kill every varmint you've got." While I was talking, the lion began to roar. Said I, "turn him out, turn him out, I can whip him for a ten dollar bill, and the Zebra may kick occasionally during the fight." This created some fun, and then I went to another part of the room, where a monkey was riding a pony. I was looking on, and some member said, "Crockett, don't that monkey favor Gen Jackson?" "No" said I; "but I'll tell you who it does favor. It looks like one of your boarders, Mr —— of Ohio." There was a burst of laughter at my saying so, and upon turning round, I saw Mr —— of Ohio, within about three feet of me. I was in a right awkward fix, but I bowed to the company and told 'em "I had either slandered the monkey or Mr —— of Ohio, and if they would tell me which, I would beg pardon." The thing passed off, and the next morning as I was walking the pavement before my door, a member came up to me, and said, "Crocket, Mr —— is going to challenge you"—said I, "well, tell him I am a fighting fowl. I 'spose if I am challenged I have a right to choose my weapons?" "O yes," said he. "Then tell him," said I, "that I will fight him with bows and arrows."

AN ENGLISH ORATOR.

Mr M. Attwood, whose motion on the state of the country, or rather, on that of the circulation, occupied the attention of the House of Commons three nights, is one of the most ungainly speakers we ever saw. While speaking he throws his arms about as if he were a blacksmith wielding a hammer, or a thrasher wielding a flail. He generally comes to the table, which he thumps most unmercifully, first with one hand, and then with the other; his body undergoing every variety of contortion, and his legs occasionally crossed the one over the other. The *Times*, thus describes Mr Attwood's action: "All that we could say of the honorable member was, that if he was not a convincing, he was a *striking* speaker: and that, judging from his manual vehemence, he must have made a *deep impression* on the table if not on his audience.—A reporter, who had some curiosity and a few minutes to spare, *timed* the honorable members thumps upon the table, and found that the honorable member inflicted no less than two hundred knocks in a quarter of an hour. At this rate Mr Attwood must have struck the table no less than three thousand times in the course of his speech. Few orators have ever made so many hits in so short a time: and the '*powerful* preacher, who danged the inside out of six bibles in the course of a year's preaching, was nothing to Mr Attwood."—*English paper.*

Yankee salutation and reply.—In a neighboring town, in our county of Essex, where the parish parson is reverenced as a "right down *steady man*" the following salutation and reply is quite common: "Good morning neighbor A——how d'ye do to day?" Well I'm *much as one*, I thank you—how is it with you?" Why, I'm pretty much *the old sort—tween three and one*—how's your woman this morning?" "Well, she's *pretty much why for her*, considering—how's your'n?" "*She's to be crawling*, I thank you—Good morning."—[Salem Observer

From the New England Galaxy.

ATHENÆUM GALLERY—THE UGLY MAN.

Smile on, thou pale deceiver, smile,
For on the mighty scroll of Fame
There is a corner, snug and small
Where she can write thy name—
Thy name! yes even *thine*, thou blue
Incarnate monster,—though thy chin
Retreats in terror from thy nose,
So twisted round and thin.

There have been uglier men than thou
And (bless thy stars) they gaze on thee;
Faces, which by the painter's art
Might full as hideous be.
But such have had the sense to keep
Their features to themselves, nor hung
Their frightful images aloft
Such portraiture among!

Who art thou? human pancake, say,
Thou skim-milk visaged, meagre wretch!
And for such hideousness as thine
Who could the canvas sketch?
Whose chalk and brickdust made the thing
Miscalled a picture, that doth bear
The likeness of thy hands and face
Cravat and slickened hair!

The catalogue will tell, but oh!
I dread to learn the awful truth,
And therefore will not seek to know
Thy name, infatuated youth!
And he who *did* thee! may he dream
Of all the horrors he has made;
Oh, never let him use the brush,
Save in a cobbler's trade!

JOURNAL OF RICHARD GOSSIP, ESQ.

MANAGER, DENTIST, AUTHOR, ETC. ETC.

April 1st.—Concluded a treaty for connecting myself and Mrs. G. with the theatre. Lanced Lord George's O. P. gum, and cut the eye-tooth of my first drama. Multifarious duties on hand. As Shakspeare, the great Stratford dentist, said,

In his time, parts many, oh, playa man!

Went to bed early, having first carefully taken out my two dress-front rows. Slept in fits.

2nd. Examined the roof and interior of the house.—Mem. to have pillars of the *Tuskan* order in the front circle, and to clear the rows with good hard brushes every morning. Took my periodical pull at Mrs. G's stump—firmer than ever. Fine exercise this, though not on the dumb-belle. Wrote a little of the sublime in my drama—read it aloud to my dormant partner—powerful! Atten. "to bed, to bed, to bed, to bed," as Mr. Shakspeare wrote. A good line, but a little tautological. Woke at three,—the rush-light in convulsions. [illegible] too much water—extracted it; and had some refreshing sleep.

3d. Went to the theatre, and determined to do the walls with a terro-metallic cement. Heard Mr. Horn, a new singer (*qu.* one of the Russian band!)—his voice not his own; but he has a good falsetto! Got him to sing Dibdin's pleasing song of Meg of Wapping, with the burden of "pull away—pull away—pull away, I say!" Quarrelled a trifle with my vixen, Mrs. G.—Mem. to give her something to take the *Tartar* out of her mouth. Looked in upon Lady G—, and did not see her. Read to myself my own writings, and shed tears—three drops upon a bit of cotton, and dabbed the affected part. Tears natural shed I, but soon them wiped. Company complete, and loose band secured, but not without the use of metal. Pulled again at Mrs. G. and shook her to the roots: also read to her—much agonized. Wrote to Walter about the opening—made a drawing of the interior for him.

6th. Scraping and cleaning all over; the fronts white, relieved with crimson; the entablatures varnished with my own new-invented *gums*. The appearance of the whole neat and attractive. Rehearsal on—fine shooting effects. *Must draw!* Miss P. not perfect—gags. Nothing of mine in her mouth.

Players there be, oh! whom play seen have I,
And praise too others heard! &c.

Report my new pieece written by my old parrot, Calumny.—Mem. to print my play, and with inverted lines. Inscribe it to *Payne!*—Home at two.—Looked into Lady Fang's mouth, and not a place taken! Introduced a deputation from the Wireworkers' Company—well received, and stayed to dinner.

7th. Last rehearsal. Language improves by repetition. Miss P. still out, though I was *instrumental* to her mouthing in serious parts. "Oh, how sharper than a boa constrictor's—or some sort of snake's tooth—it is." &c. Professionally engaged at three, in casting the parts of Mrs. Bugbie's piece. Found it necessary to introduce a few performers in the back scenes, for the heavy business. Dined—slipped one of the two canine substitutes, and made —— an ivory. Abbott to read the part at a short notice. Went to the house. Piece very effective—must draw when lanced—powerful screw on the feelings. Mem. to offer terms to *Wrench*.

10th. Cold windy wet night—bad for the back rows, but good for the front teeth. Heard a good deal of *chattering* in the passages—very promising. Pit a little decayed. Gallery quite hollow—bad set altogether. Went home in low spirits, and made Mrs. G. sit down to the *instrument*.

12th. Engaged all the morning in trying to invent a new powder for teeth and melo-drames,—charcoal, gum-arabic, sulphur, camphorated spirits, bold almanac, myrrh, candid horehound, and phosphor. Tried a little on Mrs. G.'s stump—effective. Fair evening. Tugged a little at the Fair Penitent—not a first Rowe!

13th. Mrs. Bugbie's new piece tried at supper, and damned the first night. Re-wrote—every tooth in her head. Bad house at night—no one in the pit, but Stump, the miniature-painter, one of his color grinders, and three shrimp women with orders. Brushed myself at half-price.

14th. Teeth are the rhyme of the mouth—neat. Mr. Hooper and Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Humby and Bumby, all ungrateful. Refuse to play the parts written expressly for them. Again, I must exclaim, "How sharper than a rattlesnake's tooth it is," &c. But your actors are all an artificial set! Mem. to get up the Waterman, and to play Tom Tug myself!

18th. Mrs. G. seriously ill. Either cholera morbus or face ache. Gave her some laudanum, and postponed attempting to draw. One, at the house. Took out the prompter—quite worn out. Destroyed Mr. Horn's nerve by a caustic remark on his voice. Caught an idea from the parrot, and fastened it into my piece.

20th. Lost Mrs. G.—tied my face up. Mem. shall miss her stump severely.

* * * *

28th. Theatre burned down. Left quite a hollow place. Mem. stick to the teeth.

* * * *

A Bright Thought.—An Irish woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off, and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart, to be put in the same vessel.—"And why not ask for half a gallon, and done with it?" said the grocer. "Och bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "*it's for two persons.*"—*Mer. Jour.*

One of the Boston papers in noticing the illness of the President, takes occasion to add the following: We take the liberty respectfully to suggest that he remains there in profound retirement, until, by the blessings of God, he becomes entirely restored to health. A very profound suggestion!

SPECIAL PRICE-CURRENT.

"As the following review embraces articles not usually noted in a Price Current, some mercantile anomalies will doubtless be detected, such as articles falling when in demand, &c. but we believe that our account will be found accurate.

THE MARKET.—*Cash.*—In this all important and favorite article the usual scarcity continues. The demand is *tremendous*. Holders very firm.

Dust.—Since the rains ceased this article has risen considerably, and is in lively circulation.

Mud.—There is still a plentiful supply in some quarters, and it is supposed the city will retain the present stock, as very little is taken up for exportation. Some near sighted speculators are said to have dipped very deeply in this article.

Cheese.—Great animation in the old stock, and as the season advances, some indication of activity in the new.

Ice Creams.—The early part of the season was too cool for ice, but as it grows warm, considerable quantities are frozen.

Duns.—Very plentiful: but there is not a good feeling towards them in the market, and though receipts are offered with them gratis, they are taken up with reluctance.

Cellar Doors.—Where the *staple* is not good, the *holders are not firm*, and a *fall* is apprehended in the case of a *pressure*. Some persons who have gone into them too suddenly, have been damaged, and it is thought that some houses will be compelled to *close* their affairs.

Flies.—Have come into the market in great quantities. Large arrivals of Musquitoes from the interior.

Ladies' Dresses.—There is a better feeling manifested. Petticoats have come down very considerably since the last season, and ankles, which were freely offered to a great extent, now come more sparingly before the public. The bonnet business, which occupied so large a space in the attention of speculators, has been much curtailed, and noses are occasionally seen in profile. Flounces which ranged so high a few months back are rarely to be met with; but the sleeve trade is carried on to a stupendous extent.

Live Stock.—*Dandies* are much depressed, and *calves* are heavy and dull. *Terrapins* are looking up.

Whiskers.—There has been a very full crop this season, and the stock accumulates rapidly.

Newspapers.—Plenty and dull; the stock consists principally of the day and light descriptions. There is some stagnation in the business, owing to our being without late foreign advices.

Loungers.—Go very languidly off—the stock is large, and the demand principally confined to small [illegible]

Marriages.—During the past season the market was unusually lively, and it is supposed that numerous speculations were made. Several contracts were completed at prices which have not transpired. There is yet a large stock undisposed of. Fair descriptions are in brisk demand. Choice is scarce. Offers are freely made for such of this quality as remains in first hands. A few lots have been taken up for exportation. ☞ Cash is required in the general run of transactions.

A DUTCH SERMON.

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers, during our revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of their going "forth to glorious war," was calculated to inspire them with Herculean strength and courage: Mine friends, ven first you come here, you vas poor, and now, friends, you is prout, and yous gotten on your unicorns, and dem vits you like a dogs upon a hog's pack; now mine friends, let me tell you dis, a man is a man if he's no bigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to fight mit Goliah he dook nothing vid him put one sling; now don't mistake me, mine friends; it was not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no, it vas a sling made vit a hickory stick. Now ven Goliah seen Tavid coming, he says, "You little scoundrel, does you come to vite me? I will give you to the pirds of the fielt and the peasts of the air." Tavid says, "Goliah, Goliah, the race is not always mit the shwift, nor is the battle mit the strong; and a man is a man if he's no bigger as my dumb." So Tavid he fixes a sthone in his sling, and he drows it at Goliah, and knocks him rite in the vorehead, and den Tavid takes Goliah's swort, and cuts off his head—and den all de pretty gals comes out, and strewed flowers in his vay, and sung, "Saul is a creat man, vor he has kilt his thousands, put Tavid is greater as he, vor he has kilt Goliah." Now mine friends, when you goes out to vite mit the Britsh, remember what I tell you,

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, June 29, 1833.

ENIGMA, BY LORD BYRON.

We are indebted to the politeness of a friend who was with the noble Bard when it was written, for the following unpublished and unsolved Enigma by the late Lord Byron. As every relic of that great man must be interesting to the world at large, we are happy to contribute this our mite, and though we do not profess to be in the secret at present we have no doubt that the ingenuity of some of our friends, will "read the riddle right."

ENIGMA.

By the World I'm esteemed a painter and poet,—
But my merit consists not in this.
I'm a coxcomb,—a rake,—and the women all know it,
Yet still they invite me to toy and to kiss.
To their bosom they fondly will press me,
In spite of the World's admonition and shame;
When I'm present they fondly caress me,
Though when absent they blush but to hear of my name.

JOKES FROM MY JEST BOOK.

Yankee shrewdness is often shrouded under a rough exterior—take the following as a sample. One of these "down-easters," whose coat had weathered twenty winters, was travelling in a stage-coach through a rich section of New England, when passing the well-stocked farm of a great land owner, the number of his cattle was stated to be over one hundred; "Yes," replied our Yankee who seemed to be entirely at home in the neighborhood—"Colonel —— and I, own the largest number of cows of any two men in town." "Colonel —— and you!" responded a number of the passengers in the same breath and with evident surprise at the boldness of the assertion—"why how is that?"—"Why plain enough," returned our Yankee with great self complacency, "Why Colonel —— owns a hundred and twenty-five cows, you see, and I own one—that makes a hundred and twenty-six cows, and that is more than belongs to any other two men in town!"

Physicians' prescriptions, when written, are unintelligible enough, as every poor fellow knows who has had to swallow them, but I doubt if the man can be found so bold as to take the following compound *verbatim et literatum*. A worthy disciple of Æsculapius had ordered his patient to take quinine and magnesia—two very simple simples, though not quite so simple as the poor negro wench to whom the order was entrusted to procure them at the Apothecary's shop. She had no written prescription with her, and in order to refresh her memory she continued repeating her instructions till she entered the shop. It can easily be conceived that by this process quinine might become changed into cayenne, and magnesia into magnolia or any other similar name—but what was the astonishment of the apothecary's boys when she enquired for "an ounce of Queen Anne and a shilling's worth of imagination—what the doctor scribed for!"

A warfare of *pens* is now carried on in this city, which is of quite a novel character. It seems the old crow pen and the gray goose quill, with which poets, philosophers, and statesmen have written their sublimest and most lasting productions, have grown into disrepute in these degenerate days,—nay, so low have they fallen that one would not even pluck a feather from the wings of Black Hawk; if he were compelled to write with it. Oh, no! we must have steel pens now-a-days! the patent double slit, and treble slit, oblique and parallel, elongated [illegible] steel pens! the things wherewith every body now indites pretty looking letters—these are the things, and so great is the rage for them, that a host of different patentees have sprung up, all urging their claims to paramount excellence—all puffing their several inventions through the newspapers—puff—puffer—puffest. Even the venders of small haberdashery have caught the infection and big black sign boards are exposed at their doors proclaiming in monstrous, white, ghost-like letters, the wonderful, unparalleled trancendant pens for sale. On one of these boards in William street is to be seen the following—"OBLIQUE PENS—*a mer-ceau!*"—while at the next door hangs this opposition sign, "OBLIQUE PENS—*much more so!*"

Those who have had the Ague, well know the virtues of "Wine and Bark,"—but perhaps they have yet to learn a novel mode of administering this excellent tonic. In New Rochelle, a short time since, there was a thorough-going Sportsman,—one who said of all the great and gay—

"Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun!"

But unfortunately neither powder nor partridges can save men from the ague, especially in New Rochelle. Our Gunner took the ague, and the tonic too,—but it was after his own fashion. He assured his friends that in cases of ague a Sportsman had no need of Doctors if he'd a couple of dogs,—he had only to whip them night and morning and then he could get a *Whine* from one and a *Bark* from the other.

MORNING SLUMBERS.

There is a good deal of philosophy in the following extract from the Philadelphia Gazette; but we have a suspicion that the writer is not perfectly right in his theory, although there can be no doubt of the fact he puts forth. A morning doze is by far the most pleasant, but not for the reason assigned; it is because the rejoicing slumberer knows that he ought to get up. Stolen fruit we all know, is ten times as sweet as that which we devour with a clear conscience.

"There is no positive enjoyment about midnight sleep. It is the animal that is reposing. The mind is not, and the mass that lies inert and motionless is the sluggish clod. But after the regular business of the night is gone through, and we feel that we may sleep for the sake of amusement, there is an understanding between the body and the mind that they shall each partake of a fair share of enjoyment without interfering with each others functions. The sun has climbed up high enough to peep within our lattice and to remind us that another busy day is before us. We are conscious of all we are about, and when we resign ourselves to the direction of our half waking dreams, and follow them wherever they wish to lead us, we do it with a consciousness that we hold the power in our own hand, that we can assume the mastery over our senses at any moment we choose to do so. We are not afraid of being led into difficulties by them, or of their conjuring up, like the phantoms of our middle slumbers, all sorts of horrid shapes and sounds to assail us. We coquet with shadows, for we feel that they have no power to harm us, and that we can select the most companionable among them for halt an hours' tete-a-tete, and 'pack the rest about their business.'

PLEASING VARIETY.

We have taken the pains to count the different articles in one of our exchange papers, published west of the Mississippi, where the people it seems are just now up to the eyes in an election. The whole number of articles is fifteen, of which all are political, and relate exclusively to the contest, with a single exception, and that is a dissertation upon the causes and cure of the cholera.

HEADS AND TAILS.

There are two parts of a story which are especially troublesome—the beginning and the end.—When a writer once finds himself fairly in progress, and has made up his mind what to do with his characters, he can go on without difficulty through any indefinite number of pages; but the "start," and the "wind up" as they say in Virginia, are sure to give a great deal of trouble. Some authors—indeed most of the novel writers of the present day—are very much in the habit of dashing at once into the middle of a conversation, and the practice is not without its advantages. But it strikes us that, "No, said Lady Anne, stirring her tea"—or "allow me to tell you Sir George that you are a great blockhead," is rather an odd way of beginning a story, and it is not until after some 30 or 40 pages of this unknown tongue that we come to the interpretation in the second chapter, which opens "The foregoing dialogue was carried on by the beautiful Lady Anne Jenkinsop, youngest daughter of the Duke of Dunsquattery" &c. or "The conversation we have just detailed, took place at the table of the Honorable Mr. Theophilus Scraggs," &c. &c.

Many writers commence their tales with the minuteness and accuracy of a commercial letter. "It was at precisely eleven minutes before six, in the evening of Wednesday, the 19th of April, in the year of our Lord, 1823, that a young man apparently about twenty years of age, wearing a green cloth coat with fancy buttons, red breeches and top boots, and a black beaver hat, mounted upon a stout nag of about sixteen hands, &c. &c."—And this by the way, is a very good sort of introduction, for if at any time the individual so described should chance to be missing, you have the consolation of knowing that an advertisement will be sure to bring him to light.

Others again in their introductions, are exceedingly genealogical. "My family came originally to this country, very soon after its first discovery.—

William, my great grand-father was lineally descended in the female line, from one of the stout barons who landed in England with William the Conqueror. Oswald de Bomberdyke who fought single-handed with two tigers at the Court of Charlemagne, was the founder of our hereditary greatness. For upwards of five centuries the title and estates descended in uninterrupted succession from father to son, until misfortune assailed our house in the disastrous reign of Charles the first. The seventeenth Baron of Bomberdyke adhered to the fortunes of that unhappy Prince, &c. &c." This style of commencement gives the reader an exalted idea of the hero's birth; his beauty and other accomplishments must be taken on credit.

It has a very good effect sometimes to begin with a soliloquy. "Accursed be the hour in which I was born, said Mortimer Von Puffenburgh, resting his forehead on his hand, as he reclined dejectedly on a large old-fashioned sofa," &c. But of all the beginnings in vogue, there are none so generally in favor as the descriptive; and these are of two kinds; the landscape-painter's and the upholsterer's.

"In one of those sweet valleys which give such a charming variety to the country in the vicinity of ——, there is one particular point from which the finest view in the world presents itself to the eye of the delighted spectator. On the extreme verge of the declivity there is a large blue stone, by mounting to the top of which, you are considerably elevated above the hollow from which you have ascended, and the eye takes in at one glance, an amazingly extensive prospect, agreeably diversified with hill and dale, trees, rivers, heaths, rocks, heights, hollows, hillocks, brambles, oziers, ponds, and romantic cottages in the very heart of an umbrageous wood. In one of the cottages resided at the period of which we are about to speak, Dorcas Scarlatina, the heroine of our tale," &c. &c.

The upholsterer's fashion, however, is still more minute, and addresses itself more closely to the tenderest sensibilities of our nature; "the argand lamp cast forth a flame of surpassing brightness, which was beautifully reflected from the polished surfaces of a pair of ebony cabinets, tastefully finished with grotesque and fantastic figures upon the lids. Large, but somewhat old-fashioned mahogany chairs with hair seats and studded with brass nails, stood in the recesses of the windows, with their straight uncarved backs, corresponding with their unadorned legs. The fender, of the brightest steel, contained poker, tongs, and shovel, of the same material, and of the plainest knob fashion. A round table of mahogany stood in the centre of the room, and on it were placed four wine glasses and three richly cut decanters, each containing a choice wine of different name and vintage. Seated at this table in familiar conclave, an elderly gentleman applied himself assiduously to the beverage before him, pushing the bottle occasionally to his young companion, who seemed deeply immersed in thought. The younger of the two," &c.

But if it be not less difficult than desirable to devise a happy commencement that shall claim the merit of originality and novelty, how much more nearly allied to impossible is it, to infuse any variety into a conclusion. It is questionable whether any tolerably practised reader, ever met with a story or a novel which did not in some degree disappoint his hopes. Curiosity is excited for a time, and expectations of something wonderful are encouraged, until at last the hero and heroine sink down into ordinary people, and go to church and are married like any honest couple of rustics, or small shop keeper and his bride. In most cases too, there is some mysterious character that cheats you abominably in the winding up. He is introduced under very suspicious and unaccountable circumstances—finds his way, nobody knows how, into the most secret places, and exercises such a fearful influence over the personages of the story, that as you approach the eclaircissement, your very hair begins to stand on end with dread of his mysterious power—when lo! you discover that he is a retired tobacconist, much given to eaves dropping and pumping for secrets, and who finds his way into the private houses to which the lovers have fled for solitude, by the ingenious plan of having a false key to the garden door.

Steamboat Providence.—We learn from the Providence Journal, that the steamboat Providence met with an accident on Monday morning last, which, had she not been an excellent vessel, must have resulted in very serious consequences. "When about to enter Hurl Gate, on her way to New York, very early in the morning, the weather suddenly became very thick and dark; and from some cause she was driven from her course, and struck on the well known rock called the Hog's Back. She was under her common pressure of steam and struck the rock with tremendous force. Some idea of the force of the blow may be formed from the fact, that the best bower chain cable, box and all, was driven with such violence against the railing, as to take the railing with it into the sea. The tables and chairs were overturned, and scattered in every direction, the crockery and glass ware were broken to pieces, the piano-forte in the ladies cabin had its legs broken off, and the passengers were thrown completely out of their berths. The scene is described as one of universal terror and confusion, but happily no person was seriously injured; indeed we have heard of no injury to any one but Capt. Thayer, and he was but slightly hurt. The boat soon proceeded on her way, and it is thought she has received little damage. No blame, we believe, is attributed to any one."

OLD IRONSIDES.

[From the Boston Transcript of Monday last.]

Docking of the Frigate.—This morning at a few minutes past five o'clock, every thing being in readiness, Old Ironsides entered the new Dock at Charlestown Navy Yard, under the command of the veteran and gallant Commodore Hull. The conqueror of the Guerriere, stood on the quarter deck, trumpet in hand, and gave orders with that firmness and strength of lungs, which has so often raised his voice above the roar of cannon and the noisy strife of the elements. He was all animation—the pride that nestled at his heart, beamed at the eye. The multitude caught the inspiration, and responded in loud and long continued shouts.

The President was absent by reason of his illness, but the Governor of the Commonwealth and the President's suite were on board the frigate. Notwithstanding the early hour and the unfavorable state of the weather, there was a large concourse of spectators from Charlestown, Boston and the neighborhood.

As she entered the dock, salutes were fired from the Columbus, 74, and the Battery at the Navy Yard—the shipping displaying their flags.

The paragraph we have just quoted, affords an opportunity which we gladly embrace to present our readers with a brief sketch of the history of the gallant old Frigate whose name is endeared to us by so many brilliant recollections. She was built at Boston, launched on the 21st of October 1797, and sailed on her first cruise on Sunday the 22d of July 1798, under the command of Capt. Samuel Nicholson. At this time her 4th Lieutenant was Isaac Hull, who after the lapse of fourteen years, was fortunate enough

"To move the monarch of her peopled deck,"

when the meteor flag of England waved for the last time over the haughty Guerriere. From this cruise she returned about the middle of November, and on the 28th of December sailed again from Boston harbor. Soon after this Commodore Preble was appointed to the command, and in June sailed with the squadron destined to act against Tripoli; after the destruction of the Philadelphia, the Constitution was for a long time the only American frigate in the Mediterranean, and being ably seconded by the gallant Decatur and the smaller vessels, did more in a single year to humble the pride of the Barbary powers than all Christendom ever did before or since.

Peace having been concluded with Tripoli, Old Ironsides soon after returned to the United States, and was unemployed until the 12th of July 1812, which was soon after the commencement of the war with Great Britain—on that day she left the Chesapeake for New York, and on the 17th was chased by a hostile squadron consisting of the Africa 64, Shannon and Guerriere 49, Belvidere 36, and Eolus 32, under the command of Commodore Broke. The chase lasted nearly three days and nights, during which every exertion was made by the enemy to overhaul the saucy frigate, but without success; she arrived safely at Boston on the 26th, and sailed again in a few days. On the 19th of August she fell in with and after a severe contest of half an hour, captured one of her late friends, the Guerriere of 49 guns and 300 men; the prize was so much damaged that it was found impossible to bring her into port, and she was burnt—after which the victor returned with the prisoners to Boston, where she arrived on the 20th of August. Shortly after Capt. Hull resigned the command to Commodore Bainbridge, who with the same crew, sailed on a cruise to South America, having in company the Hornet under the command of Capt. Lawrence. On the 29th of December, off the Coast of Brazil, Old Ironsides captured the Java of 49 guns and 400 men, and returned to Boston on the 18th of February, 1813. In June of the same year Capt. Stewart assumed the command, and proceeded to sea on the 30th of December, although the port of Boston was then blockaded by seven of the enemy's ships; the cruise was unproductive and Capt. Stewart returned to port in April of the following year. In December, the Constitution sailed again and on the 28th of February, off Madeira fell in with and captured the Cyane and Levant, one of 34, the other of 21 guns.

After taking possession of her prizes, the three ships made sail for the Cape de Verd Islands, and on the 10th of March came to anchor in the harbor of Port Praya in the island of St. Jago. Two days after this, a squadron of the enemy hove in sight, consisting of the Newcastle and Leander, of 50 guns each, and the Acasta frigate of 40, the whole under the command of Sir Geo. Collier, and in 7 minutes after the discovery was made, the Constitution with her two prizes had cut their cables, and were under way, being at this time only about gun shot to windward of the enemy. The Levant was recaptured. The Cyane had the good fortune to escape and now forms a part of our Navy. The Constitution continued her cruise, and shortly after returned to Boston, where she was for the third time received with every possible demonstration of joy and exultation. The last news from her had been brought by the Cyane, arrived at New York, when the above squadron was left in chase, and she had heard a heavy cannonading shortly after losing sight of her, so that the most intense anxiety had for some time been entertained for her safety.

After this, old Ironsides was taken to the Navy Yard and immediately dismantled,—where she remained unemployed, we believe with a single exception, till the spring of 1825, when she was again fitted out and sailed under the command of Capt. Daniel T. Patterson to join the squadron in the Mediterranean. She remained there about three years, after which she returned again to the United States, and as if to add one more to the many instances of good luck that have always attended her—she was so fortunate as to arrive and fire a federal salute in her native city, during the celebration of the 4th July, 1828, and contributed not a little, as well by her beautiful appearance as by the delightful associations that are ever uppermost in the presence of such a glorious vessel, to heighten the splendor and add a zest to the festivities of the day.

VERB: SAP:

We received a few days ago from one of our esteemed country subscribers a letter enclosing the amount of his subscription and requesting to have the paper sent to him for another year, "although" he says "I have at times in the panic of the moment almost made up my mind to discontinue, because I scarcely ever receive my paper from the hand of the Post Master without being asked by some 'hungry dozens' for the loan of it."

We entreat our friendly subscriber to be of good courage, and resist manfully all the attempts of the borrowers—as for these last, if they will but send us their names with the amount of subscription, they will be astonished to find how much more comfortable it is to read their own paper than that of their neighbor.

A PAIR OF SCHOLARS.

The following notice appeared some time ago in one of the London periodicals:

"We observe with sorrow, an account of the death and burial of poor Wilson the ornithologist, somewhere in the *State of Philadelphia*, even while the Edinburgh journals are anticipating his return laden with scientific treasures."

At the time when this piece of information was given, Wilson had been dead and buried some twenty years, and another London periodical took occasion to get up a laugh against its cotemporary for the ignorance of the fact displayed in the paragraph; but the transformation of Philadelphia into a state passed altogether unnoticed. Both Editors must have plumed themselves on their exquisite knowledge of geography.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

It was the custom of Sterne to be very fastidious about his dress when he wished to go on with any of his literary performances which, though apparently so easy, were the result of labor and care; when he was ill-dressed, he found that his thoughts were slovenly and ill-arranged. Haydn also used to dress himself with particular care before he sat down to compose; unless his hair was properly powdered and he had his best coat on, he could not command his ideas; he even used to say that if he began to write without his diamond ring on his finger, (the gift of the Emperor Frederick) he could not get on: and he never could write music on any but the finest paper. It is related of Gluck that he composed in a meadow, having his piano transported thither, and a bottle of champagne at his elbow.—Sarti preferred the mysterious gloom of a large apartment, feebly lighted by a single lamp; and Cimarosi composed many parts of his lively opera of the Matrimonia Segreto, as well as some others of his works, in the midst of noisy parties.—Paesoillo composed, as Brindley the engineer meditated about canals, in bed; and Sacchini was not inspired unless his favorite cats were sitting on his shoulders. Lord Bacon is said to have delighted to sooth his mind with beautiful flowers around him, and sweet music played in an adjoining room. It is related of the celebrated Mr. Dunning that whenever he wished to shine in a speech or in society, he used to put on a blister. Curran used to prepare for exertion in a great cause, by playing wild and extemporaneous airs on the violincello.—It is said that the composition of his eloquent sermons so excited the mind of the celebrated Bourdaloue that he would have been unable to deliver them, but for a means he discovered of allaying the excitement. His attendants were one day both scandalized and alarmed on proceeding to his apartment for the purpose of accompanying him to the cathedral, by hearing the sound of a fiddle, playing a very lively tune. After their first consternation, they ventured to look through the key hole; and were still more shocked to behold the great divine dancing about, without his gown and canonicals, to his own inspiring music;—of course they concluded him to be mad. But when they knocked, the music ceased, and after a short and anxious interval, he met them with a composed dress and manner; and observing some signs of astonishment in the party, explained to them that without his music and exercise, he should have been unable to undertake the duties of the day.

EDMUND KEAN.

Perhaps there never lived a man whose attacks upon his own constitution were more numerous and severe or whose constitution on the other hand, has borne up with greater constancy against the assaults that have been made upon it. Almost ever since his last return to his native country, we have been from time to time assured that the oil was nearly exhausted; that with a few more flashes, the lamp of life must be extinguished. The next arrival we have been told over and over again, must bring the news of his death, if news that could be called which was so confidently expected. The next arrival however would bring no such thing; but on the contrary, the first intelligence to meet our wondering eyes would be that Kean was playing at Edinburg, or Brighton, or Liverpool, with but little apparent diminution of his former vigor. In fact one might almost suppose that for the last three or four years, Kean's chief employment has been to puzzle and disappoint the doctors, and convict the newspapers of erring most vilely in their prophecies. The most recent accounts however, would lead us to believe that the last scene of Kean's drama is at length actually approaching. With care and quiet, the vigor of his constitution would probably have prolonged his life for several years if he had given up the stage when his powers began to give way, and [illegible] bodily. But his restless disposition, or it may be, necessity has kept him before the public, and of course in a state of constant excitement, and the body is at last worn out. The following extract from the London Observer, gives a melancholy picture of the condition to which his once brilliant intellect is reduced—

Mr. Kean passed a restless night on Friday. He talked incoherently of divers ladies, who had, he said, appointed to come and sing to him—among whom he mentioned Miss Stephens, whose syren notes were to beguile him into sleep. Mr. Carpue paid him a friendly visit in the afternoon, and observed that he never yet saw a man placed in similar circumstances with Mr. Kean, and with his impaired constitution, who survived so long. A little jelly mixed with brandy and water, and a small quantity of arrow-root, are all he has taken in the way of nutriment for several days. He is surrounded with books and newspapers, the contents of which he dips into by turns. An old friend visited him on Saturday afternoon, and tried to rouse him by telling him to cheer up—that he would live to see brighter and happier days. "No, no," he replied, "those days are pa—pa—pas—passed Floranthe."—forgetting the remainder of the quotation. "Yet 'tis comfort "said his friend' in continuation. "Ah!", said Kean, anxiously, "'tis comfort to bring remembrance full upon the mind—'tis soothing to a fond a care worn heart to drop a tear upon the loved lineaments of her I ne'er can hope to meet again." He then said it was strange Sheridan Knowles had not arrived, as he had promised to come down, and sing all his beautiful songs to him. He told Mr. Carpue that he did not wish to live, adding that he was past duty. He spoke of his son Charles with great affection, and expressed his regret at his being made an actor.—

NEW BOOKS.

LUTHER AND THE LUTHERAN REFORMATION—J. and J. Harper.—This is an admirable work, and very properly forms part of the Theological Library, recently commenced by the Messrs. Harper. It gives a minute and faithful account of Luther and his coadjutors in the great work to which he owes his fame, and of all the incidents connected with the most remarkable moral revolution that has ever been brought about, in the christian world. It is in fact an able abridgement of the Church History of Milner and others; a work of extraordinary value, but too voluminous and expensive for the great mass of readers. The present volumes have been prepared for publication by the Rev. John Scott, one of the editors or authors of the larger work which we have just mentioned, and are embellished with two handsome engravings on steel.

WORKS OF MISS EDGEWORTH.—J. & J. Harper. The fifth volume of this cheap and very beautiful edition has just been published, containing the ninth and tenth volumes of the English. The remaining four volumes may be expected in the course of a few months. When completed this work will form an ornament to any library, as well from the very handsome style of its execution as from the intrinsic merit of the Tales which have long enjoyed a celebrity second only to that of Sir Walter Scott's Novels. The Engravings alone are worth almost the price of the volumes.

One of the Ohio papers says that Mr. Webster is now on his "*tower*" through that state—probably one of the small turret-like carriages that are borne on the backs of elephants. At least we are not aware of the existence of any tower in Ohio upon which the Massachusetts Senator could make any great progress, unless it be one of the kind we have suggested. A friend at our elbow supposes that he may be the proprietor of a shot tower somewhere in that neighborhood, but it is not likely that he would remain on the top of it long enough to be chronicled in a newspaper—besides the expression "through the state," implies locomotion, and shot towers we believe are not very accomplished travellers.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

THE CANARY BIRD.

In 1820, a Frenchman exhibited in London four-and-twenty Canary Birds, many of which, he said, were from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Some of these balanced themselves, head downwards, on their shoulders, having their legs and tail in the air. One of them, taking a slender stick in its claws, passed its head between its legs, and suffered itself to be turned round, as if in the act of being roasted. Another balanced itself, and was slung backward and forward on a kind of slack rope. A third was dressed in military uniform, having a cap on its head, wearing a sword and pouch, and carrying a firelock in one claw: after some time sitting upright, this bird, at the word of command, freed itself from its dress, and flew away to the cage. A fourth suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down, as if dead, to be put into a little wheel-barrow, and wheeled away by one of its comrades; and several of the birds were at the same time placed upon a little firework, and continued there quietly and without alarm while it was discharging.

THE EAGLE.

A gentleman in Scotland had a tame Eagle, which its keeper one day injudiciously lashed with a horsewhip. About a week afterwards, the man chanced to stoop within reach of its chain, when the enraged bird, recollecting the insult, flew in his face with such violence as to drive him out of further danger; and he was found lying disfigured with blood, and stunned with the fright and fall. The bird screamed in apparent triumph, and shortly afterwards broke its chain and escaped.

THE BEAVER.

In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there is now, or lately was, a Beaver from the Rhine, which exhibited almost as much ingenuity as has ever been ascribed to the species in a wild state, and more than enough to silence the incredulity of sceptics respecting the Beavers' dams and their magazines of winter provisions. This Beaver, for instance, we are informed by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, was, during the severe weather in winter, furnished with fresh twigs of trees, to give exercise to his propensity to gnawing, and with apples, &c. as a more nutritive food. One night there came on a snow storm, and the snow beat into his house in considerable quantity, till he found out a plan of shielding himself from the inconvenience. For this purpose, he cut his supplies of twigs into proper lengths, to be wove in the basket fashion, between the bars of his cage, chopping his apples in pieces to fill up the interval between the twigs; and whenever this did not appear sufficiently air-tight, or (if you will) storm-tight, he kneaded the snow into the intervals. By the morning it appeared that he had laboured hard all night, and had completed a very neat and ingenious barricado against the intrusion of the snow.

THE KANGAROO.

The Kangaroo may be domesticated. Mr. Cunningham saw a large tame one, which he describes as a mischievous wag, "creeping and snuffing cautiously towards a stranger with such an innocent expressive countenance, that roguery would never be surmised to exist under it; when having obtained as he thinks, a sufficient introduction, he claps his fore-paws on your shoulders (as if to caress you), and raising himself suddenly upon his tail, administers such a well-put push with his hind legs, that it is two to one but he drives you heels over head! This is all done in what he considers facetious play, with a view of giving you a hint to examine your pockets, and see what *bon bons* you have got for him, as he munches cakes and comfits with epicurean gout: and if the door is ajar, he will gravely [illegible] at meal-time, like a lackey, giving you an admonitory kick every now and then, if you fail to help him as well as y ourself."

We have received a communication from the musical arranger of "Fra Diavolo," whose dignity it seems is offended by our remarks on the performance of the opera; the writer requires us to publish his letter, but we shall not comply with his demand, and for three reasons; firstly, his letter is rather too long; secondly, it is altogether too waspish; thirdly, it has been written in a passion and like most things produced in that state of mind, it is somewhat absurd, and as we have (professionally) no small portion of good will towards the writer, we mean to do him a good turn in spite of himself, and keep him from knocking his head against a stone wall—a piece of sagacity for which, under existing circumstances, he manifests a strong inclination. We are willing however to give the gentleman all reasonable satisfaction, and therefore we will proceed to convince him, or if that is impossible, to convince every body but him, that he is decidedly wrong in this matter. The observations of which he complains are two in number; the first relating to the arrangement or selection of the music; the second to the demeanor of the supernumeraries. We found fault with the introduction into the opera of pieces by other composers; and we enumerated among the intruders, a duett from Tancredi, an aria from John of Paris, an English ballad, an aria buffa from La Gazza Ladra and a bravura from Robert le diable. Now what says the arranger in answer to this?—Why, first that "the opera is *advertised* in the bills as a compilation"; and secondly "that the same license is constantly taken in the French and Italian schools." We are perfectly well aware of both these facts; but they do not justify the practice. A dozen wrongs cannot make a right; and we suspect that the arranger would not be reconciled to the loss of his pocket book, by the confession of the thief that he had stolen it. It was to the *practice* that we objected; the arranger it seems, differs from us in opinion, and thinks the practice a good one. So be it; he is welcome to his view of the matter, but he must give us leave to express our dissent. We remember a case in point; the occupant of a house in Chatham-street some years ago thought it a great improvement to paint the front with alternate squares of different colors; some of the passers-by on the contrary thought it excessively ugly, and the same opinion was put forth in various of the newspapers; but the gentleman of the chequered house never took it into his head to complain of their observations.

We come now to the arranger's second ground of offence; we objected to the soldier's kneeling and removing their caps at the sound of the vesper bell. To this the arranger replies, firstly, that "it was not the vesper, but the matin bell"; granted; we take his word for it, and acknowledge our error. But still we aver that the kneeling is wrong. The arranger goes on to say that he has spent nearly the whole of his musical life in France and Italy, and that in the latter country, soldiers *do* kneel during the passage of a priest with a bell and *consecrated wafer*. Granted again; but we have yet to learn that soldiers on duty, kneel merely at the ringing of the matin bell, where there is no consecrated wafer present; it is that circumstance that makes all the difference.

A suit at law was recently brought at Worcester, Mass. by an individual against a Woollen Manufacturing Company, for damages sustained in consequence of the horse behind which he was riding in a wagon, taking fright at a piece of cloth spread out to dry before the factory. The horse ran, broke one of his own legs, and caused some injury to the owner. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with $206 damages.

MR. AVERY.

The following remarkable paragraph appeared in the Fall River Monitor of Saturday last:

WHAT NEXT!—We have been informed within a few days past, on good authority, that there is now living in the town of Providence a female by the name of Maria Snow Cornell. Of her character we say nothing, further than to state what ought to be known, viz. that there is no doubt that this is the identical girl spoken of by the witnesses on the stand in the trial of Avery, as Maria Snow at one place, as Marin Cornell at another, and as Maria S. Cornell at a third. Thus has the character of Sarah M. Cornell, the unfortunate deceased, been loaded down with the singularities, the frailties and the crimes of another whose name bore a resemblance to hers. Why has this been done? Let those answer who best know. We do hope this affair will be thoroughly investigated and publicly exposed, and the authors of it made to feel the full weight of their merited punishment. Lives there on earth a fiend, a devil in human form, that would or could resort to such measures for any purposes whatever? If there be such beings, let them be known that they may be shunned.

Few criminal trials in this or any other country, have ever excited so much virulence of feeling as that of Mr. Avery, or given rise to so much and such violent conflict of opinions. We have carefully read the whole of the testimony and agree with the majority of our cotemporaries in thinking that there was not sufficient evidence of guilt to justify the Jury in convicting, although it must be confessed that the innocence of the accused is not by any means made apparent. The paragraph we have copied, if it were possible to believe it true, would go far towards the establishment of his agency in the crime for it cannot be denied that the depraved and worthless character of the deceased, as proved on the trial, was among the strongest circumstances in Mr. Avery's favor. But it is next to impossible that such a monstrous error could have taken place in the progress of a trial conducted with so much ability and zeal, and in which so much talent, perseverance, sagacity, and patience were called into exercise; the counsel for the prisoner would never have attempted such a fraud, and even if they had, we cannot believe that it would have escaped the penetration of the distinguished legal gentlemen engaged in the prosecution. The charge is serious enough to make an investigation proper and desirable.

NOW-A-DAYS.

Alas! how every thing has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore home spun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
And shawls laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

But now-a-days the ladies wear
French gloves and Leghorn hats,
That take up half a yard of sky,
In brick-hod shape or flats,
With gowns that do not fall so low
As such things ought to fall
With waists that you might break in two,
They are so very small.

I recollect the time when I
Rode Father's horse to mill,
Across the meadows, rock, and field,
And up and down the hill;
And when our folks were out at work,
As true as I'm a sinner,
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies now-a-days
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding all alone
In waggon, chaise, or sleigh,
And as for giving "Pa" his meals;
Or helping "Ma" to bake;
Oh! saints, 'twould spoil their lily hands;
Though they sometimes make cake.

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,
Each beau would take his sweet-heart out
Sleigh riding in a cutter;
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now indeed; it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind a young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He ne'er can ask the girls to ride,
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week;
Why surely they're engaged.

I never thought that I should try
My hand at making rhymes,
But 'tis the way to reprobate
The present evil times:
For should I preach morality
In common sober prose;
They'd say 'twas older than the hills,
Or else turn up their nose.

From the Cincinnati American.

EXCURSION ON SENECA LAKE.

Extract of a letter.

"We started in the steam boat" "Seneca Chief," which Mr. Stebbins has thoroughly repaired and beautified, and now makes a daily trip to the head of the Lake and back. With the most delightful party of pleasure I ever accompanied, we quitted Geneva on a lovely morning, and greeted with three hearty cheers by the spectators as we left the wharf, we soon were far upon our delightful way. I had a copy of your paper containg the "Yankee Volunteer" in my pocket, and being all in a "right merry mood," it was proposed that it be forthwith sung. Twenty excellent voices joined to give it effect,—the patiotic words excited our feelings to such an enthusiasm that while the beautiful boat glided over the transparent Lake, the song was repeated again and again, till our mouths and ears were stopped by "that tocsin of the soul, the Dinner Bell!"—as Byron has it. And an excellent dinner we had,—viands of the best sort—and arrangements of the most comfortable kind, under the management of Capt. Swan, a gentleman of most amiable manners and modest deportment.

The "Seneca Lake is one of the most beautiful in this state. The water is perfectly transparent, and the lands on all sides gently slope down to its surface and present a wide expanse of rich and cultivated country. We stayed about an hour at the head of the Lake, and then returned, after passing one of the most delightful days of my life, to the Franklin House, kept by Mr. James Mann,—most beautifully situated, and conducted with equal excellence. Adieu!"

RAPID TRAVELLING.

A gentleman left Utica on Monday morning at half past four o'clock, of last week, in the Telegraph stage, and arrived in Albany in time for the afternoon boat—arrived in New York in time for the morning boat for Philadelphia, and reached that city at three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday.—Time of travelling, 27 hours—stopping 3 1-2 hours. This is believed to be the quickest passage ever made between Utica and Philadelphia.

George Smyth Sutton the celebrated European Ventriloquist, already so favorably known in this city, has made an engagement to perform at PEALE'S MUSEUM in Broadway for a limited number of nights. The unceasing efforts made by the enterprising proprietor of this Museum, deserve the greatest encouragement, and the known talents of Mr. Sutton are certain to delight every one who will take advantage of the present opportunity of witnessing them.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.

Mr. Simpson took his benefit on Monday, and tho' the elements warred against him without, the Kembles and a host of stars shone around him brightly within,—and a well merited bumper was the reward of his labors.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Harrison made their first appearance in the tragedy of Othello. Mr. Harrison in the "Moor" evinced a considerable share of talent, and an intimate acquaintance with the sense of his author and the business of his profession. He is evidently an experienced actor, and spoke the powerful and beautiful language of the uncultivated Moor, with a decision that marked the effect of study and attention His level speaking was certainly the best, but many passages of pathos were given with much feeling and effect. "Oh now farewell the tranquil mind," was one of his happiest efforts, and we have very rarely heard it spoken half so well. He is wanting in the points of tenderness, and his carriage and manner are ungraceful and abrupt. But there was sufficient evidence of talent to warrant the belief that a greater share of ease and grace only wait his feeling more at home with the house and audience. Mrs. Harrison is petite and sprety,—too much so for the heroine of tragedy, but would be a valuable addition in other walks of the Drama.—Yet there were some points in her Desdemona that were given with great force and feeling, particularly her denial of the foul word of Othello's charge. Of Mrs. Sharpe's Emilia it is almost impossible to speak too highly, and still less practicable to point out where it could be improved. Her objurgation of Iago—"Then, you told a lie,"—was more decidedly marked and better executed than we ever remember to have witnessed. Mr. Clarke, whose benefit it was, played Iago admirably—his readings were decided, and his points well studied. There are very few characters in the drama whose language requires such careful digesting, as Iago,—or whose true performance evinces more talent in the actor who is successful in it.

One of the two dozen translations from the French burlesque on the subject of Cupid and Psyche, with which the Londoners have been gorged for the last half year, was played for the first time at this Theatre on Wednesday evening. If the reputation which "Cupid," like its namesake, has attained every where, is not entirely fictitious, this must be about the worst of the many editions which have been produced of it:—for tho' the idea on which it is founded is highly amusing, and the situations sufficiently whimsical and outrageous, yet the language throughout is meagre, vapid, and pointless. Still it is irresistibly laughable for a short time to see *Placide* capering about with wings, and bow, and wreaths of flowers, as the representative of the "little God of love,"—only conceive the unromantic, Bacchus-look of such a Cupid!—Mr. Placide did every thing for it that talent could do;—he danced a Sailor's hornpipe to admiration, and succeeded to a great extent in making a very dull affair pass lightly and agreeably. Some of the ideas in it were very funny,—Bacchus is the keeper of a grog shop,—Mars seems a peace officer, and the three Graces are old Maids of a most *uncertain age*. The denouement is ingenious and amusing,—Cupid when arriagned before Jove and Juno is doomed to die,—and Psyche as his executioner, chooses one of his own darts to shoot him with,—the result may be imagined.

Bowery Theatre.

A dramatic version of Cooper's "Bravo" was produced for the first time on Saturday last, and though the story of the novel is somewhat complex and mysterious, the dramatist has contrived to make "confusion worse confounded." The Bravo is not Cooper's best novel, and certainly not the most f

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Foreign.—There has been but one arrival from Europe during the week, bringing later advices, but the papers brought by the last ship (the Henri) contain little of interest. Warlike preparations continued to be made in both Holland and Belgium, and there were strong indications of trouble again in that quarter of Europe. The two Kings, William and Leopold, were both making a tour through their respective kingdoms; it was thought that an alliance offensive and defensive was about to take place between the monarchs of Holland and Russia.

In Portugal nothing important had taken place, the royal brothers seeming content to look cross at each other; it is probable that both they and their people are heartily sick of the contest.

It is averred that the negociations between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt have been broken off, and that hostilities were on the eve of renewal. It seems to be well established that Russia is to assist the Turks, and that the Porte has been treating only to gain time. The principal body of the Russian army was to arrive at Constantinople on the 15th of May; 14,700 Russians were in the camp at Scutari. At Constantinople the most perfect tranquility was maintained.

From France there is nothing of moment. The abdication of the Duchess de Berri was to take place as soon as her health would allow her to travel; it was not known where she would go, and nobody seems to care much what becomes of her; she has ruined a daughter, but lost all her political consequence.

Domestic.—In our own immediate neighborhood here has been nothing extraordinary, except the weather. The President arrived safely at Boston, where he was received with every respect and attention. On Sunday he was very ill, and obliged to decline receiving visits, to the great disappointment of all the ladies; he had so far recovered however on Wednesday as to resume his journey to the eastward. The wandering piper has been engaged for some days in levying contributions in Salem. Black Hawk on his arrival at Albany took a fit of the sulks and would not be seen; he was smuggled ashore in a blanket. The accounts of the Cholera from the western states are very alarming, but we do not see that any preparations are made in this city for its reception. As we predicted last week, the mystery of the Standard is no longer a mystery, and the paper is *not* to be discontinued.—The Sixth Ward election has been declared void, and a new one is ordered: it is not probable that there will be an appeal to the Supreme Court. Mr. Mc Carthy, the assistant alderman, has resigned his seat in the Board. The decision as to the contested election for assistant alderman of the Eighth Ward, will be made on Monday. The Corporation *will* dine on the Fourth of July at the people's expense, and if the weather should happen to be fine, there will be great doings in the way of eating, drinking, speech-making, and powder-burning.

Since the preceding paragraphs were written, the Fredon ia Capt. Page, has arrived from Havre, bringing Paris papers to the 20th of May and London to the 18th.

It would appear, by the accounts from London, that a strong belief was entertained there, that matters between Holland and Belgium were approaching a settlement.

The accounts received by the previous arrivals from France that a Treaty had been concluded between the Ottoman Porte and the Pacha of Egypt, are partially confirmed, at least it is certain that a vessel has arrived at Toulon bringing this intelligence. At the same time, it is generally asserted, that difficulties still exist between the Grand Signior and his vassal. It is said that though a treaty is concluded it has not been ratified by the latter. England, it is believed, has positively refused to make common cause with France in the affairs of the East.

From Portugal there is nothing of interest.

Mr. Attwood, the banker of Birmingham, and a member of Parliament, has called a meeting of the Birmingham Political Union. His address on this occasion, is calculated to collect an immense multitude. We believe that Ministers have power by a late act of Parliament to disperse these assemblages: if they attempt it in the present instance, we expect that blood will again flow.

The London papers contain the particulars of an affair which resulted in the sending of a challenge by Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, to the young Duke of Orleans, the son of the French King, who has been some time in London. The Duke of Orleans having made use of language at a ball, which being repeated to Prince Bonaparte, was thought offensive by him, the latter demanded satisfaction. Colonel Marbot having replied, on the part of the Duke, that being their presumptive to the throne of France, he had more to risk in a duel than the exiles of the imperial family, it became a personal affair between M. Achille Murat and Colonel Marbot, who, by the by, is one of the individuals remembered by Bonaparte in his will, and who, after the death of the Emperor, received through the liberality of the great man, 100,000 francs. No meeting has as yet taken place between Messrs. Marbot and Murat, though at the departure of the post, matters were fast approaching to an appeal to arms.

The last letters from Bordeaux state that the Duchess de Berri had almost entirely recovered, and that her departure for Palermo would take place early in June.

London May 18.—It is stated that the squadron of Sartorius was still at anchor in the beginning of the month, near the Bayonne Islands, Sartorius having received a part of his arrears, but the sailors being yet discontented.

HOLLAND.

London May 18.—It is said that the last communications from Holland indicate an approach towards a satisfactory arrangement.

The tenor of the last communication from the Hague is not yet known; but it is believed a preliminary convention is solicited, and that an armistice and the free navigation of the Schaldt are yielded until the conclusion of a definitive treaty.

POLAND.

Paris, 20th May—The insurrection which has again taken place in the Polish provinces is by no means suppressed. It appears that a corps of insurgents have shown themselves on the frontiers of Gallicia, and that much fermentation prevails among the people of that province. The government has ordered troops in that direction.

Paris, 20th May—The Grand Council of Berne has proposals under consideration, the purport of which is that permission shall be asked for the Poles to return to France who left that country on the news of the disturbances at Frankfort and that in the meantime 6 latz per day shall be allowed them.

TURKEY.

Constantinople, April 25.—(By an extraordinary conveyance.) Ibrahim still insisting that the Turkish district of Adana shall be ceded to him, and the Porte refusing to yield the point, the hope which had been entertained, after the return of M. Varennes from Kintaia, and the publication of the manifesto ceding the Pachalics of Syria to the Viceroy of Egypt, that the Turco-Egyptian affair would be amicably settled, is unfortunately disappointed; for Ibrahim has suspended the retreat of his troops.

On the 23d, the 3d division of the Russian fleet, consisting of one three-decker, and two two-deckers, entered the Bay of Bujukdere, together with a number of transports having on board the second corps of auxiliary troops, 5000 strong.

These troops have just fixed their camp on the heights of the Asiatic shore, opposite Bujukdere.

Paris, May 17.—The news from Alexandria received to-day, via Toulon, gives reason to believe that the affairs of the East are actually settled.

The brig Fleche, commanded by M. Pelion, left Alexandria on the 16th of April. M. Meinault, Consul General of France at that port, despatched M. Chardin, his first Secretary, with very important and urgent communications which he has charged him to deliver to the Government.

These despatches bring intelligence of the *signing of the Treaty of Peace between Ibrahim Pacha and the Sultan.* An express sent by Ibrahim Pacha, and another by Admiral Roussin, arrived at Alexandria about the same time. The French and foreign legations immediately assembled at M. Minault's. Soon after, this news was circulated through the whole city. The Governor of Alexandria had already received orders to discharge the artillery in token of rejoicing. All the French and foreign ships of war fired a salute of 21 guns, and were dressed out with flags. The city was illuminated in the evening, and a brilliant ball was given by the Consul General of France, to which all the authorities were invited. Mr. Chardin is the bearer of the Treaty of Peace.

MR. HACKETT.

From a notice in one of the latest London papers, we find that our Comedian has been playing one of the most difficult characters in the whole range of the Drama, at the Haymarket, and not unsuccessfully. We have our doubts whether it is possible for any actor to play Falstaff with an effect equal to that which is produced by reading it: the wit is so keen, the humor so genuine as not to require the aids of situation and costume: while the flashes of merriment follow each other with such rapidity that unless time be allowed for the hearer or reader to dwell upon each as it is offered, he must of necessity lose some by the very intensity with which he gives himself up to the enjoyment of the remainder. The notice to which we referred at the commencement of this paragraph is not particularly perspicuous, but it serves at least to show that our countryman has not made a failure in his attempt of the character.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Hackett, whose dramatic versions of American character, as developed in *Solomon Swap, Nimrod Wildfire,* and lastly in *Rip Van Winkle,* not forgetting his lively personation of *Morbleu* in *Monsieur Tonson,* which bear a sufficing testimony to the versatility of his talents, and prove him to be an actor of no ordinary qualifications, last night in *Henry IV.* essayed for the first time one of the most difficult parts in the whole range of the drama, for *Falstaff* has ever, we believe, been so considered, and a great proof of its *really* being so is that few performers have ever attempted it, and of those out few have ever entirely succeeded in it. "Lean Jack," as the Prince jocosely calls him, who is not only a wit, but the cause of it in others, was personated by Mr Hackett in a way still higher to enhance his reputation as an intelligent actor, and in its general delineation will, we think, bear the test of comparison with that of any preceding performance of the character, whilst parts of it might be instanced as never having been excelled; of these we should say were his account of his engagement at Gadshill, and the exclamation to the Prince with which it concludes—"D'ye think I didn't know ye!" His catechisin on honor,—his laughable description of his ragged regiment, and his last scene with the dead body of Percy, elicited great applause, of which they were highly deserving. His gait, voice and manner were excellent, and his face, which expanded with good humor, was the true index to a mind like Falstaff's.

We are indebted to Mr. Edgar of N. C. for this list of blooded stock in his neighborhood on the borders of North Carolina and Virginia.

Cameleon,—a beautiful br. m.—well formed,—speckled with white hair and spots—15 hands, foaled 1823; got by Old Virginian. *Rosetta* by imported Dion—*Goose Neck* by imp. Druid—*Fanny* by imp. Shark—*Malvina* by imp. Medley—imp. Fearnought—imp. Janus—imp. Konelekhan, out of Col. T. Blands' *Quaker Lass* by imp. Valiant, out of a mare imported by the late Hon. Col. Byrd, of Virginia, named *Blizella.* Her produce, 1829 br. c. *First Fruits,* by Randolph's Roanoke; 1831 g. c. *Suzurion,* by Winter's Arabian, bred by Mr. S. Patillo of Va.; 1833 g. c. *Champignon,* by Silver-heels, (son of Ogle's Oscar)—bred by P. N. Edgar of N. C. *Miss Madison,* ch. m. formerly owned by late Major J. R. Eaton, Granville Co. N. C.—foaled in 1813—got by Lurcher—Vermont—Fearnought—Shark. Her produce, 1823 ch. c. by Virginian, 1824 b. m. *Cyprus* by Van Trump, bred by Maj. John R. Eaton, deceased. *Cyprus,*—15 hands: —bred as above,—Her produce 1830 b. f. *Octavia* by Van Trump, 1831 b. c. —— by do—1833 b. c. —— by Van Buren—bred by Maj. N. Green, Va.; and Maj. C. R. Eaton.

THE POST OFFICE.

A correspondent at Montezuma (Cayuga county) requests us to make intercession with the Post Mistress at that place, and if we can, prevail upon her to engage an assistant, or make some other arrangement that may give a little activity to her administration. His account of the toils and perils which they have to contend with who seek to obtain letters or papers left in her charge, is very pathetic. In the first place it seems the good lady has the genuine Dutch aversion to opening the front door of her house, and applicants are obliged to climb over a fence and go in through the kitchen; but even then they are by no means certain of gaining their end. The Post Mistress is not so young or so active as she has been, and if the weather is warm, or the lady is tired and sleepy, or not in a good humor as sometimes will happen, no letters or papers can be delivered. For the honor of the sex and the comfort of our subscribers in that region, we hope that our correspondent's description is overcharged, or if it is strictly correct, that there will be a reform and that speedily.

MUSICAL GARLAND.

Decidedly one of the neatest, prettiest, and most ingenious contrivances we have seen is a collection of musical cards, just published by CHAPIN at No. 126 Nassau street. Their number corresponds with that of the alphabet, and each presents to the eye a neatly engraved landscape, the most prominent objects in which are so contrived as to form one of the letters; for example; a couple of picturesque trees inclining towards each other make a very *capital* A; two tall slender towers with a connecting bridge form as handsome an H as man could desire; a ruined archway, by a little management, is modified into a very respectable O; and part of a ruined abbey or castle is made to stand boldly up for a K. Around each of these cards is a handsome border, which on a close inspection will be found to present the notes of some popular air, the title of which begins with the letter formed by the landscape. On the A card is Auld Lang Syne; on the C card, the Carrier pigeon; on the E card, Eveleen's bower; on the M card, My an kind dearie, &c. &c. The sketches upon these twenty six cards are very spirited and picturesque, and the whole collection forms one of the most unique and fanciful *bijous* we have ever had occasion to notice.

SONNET.

Dear mother Earth! with final love, upon
Thy lap I sit me down, a hallowed seat,—
Sequestered and alone, as lovers meet;
For many days of weariness have gone
Since I, as now, in silent thought, pass'd one
Calm hour with thee,—an hour so holy sweet
The city boasts not, in her crowded street,
Or all the round of fashion's mazy ion.
— I lay my hand upon thy tresses green,
Fresh and still fragrant as in years gone by;
Thou'rt still the same that thou hast ever been;
How great the difference 'twixt you and I!
So great, that soon thy verdant turf, instead
Of springing 'neath my feet, shall wave above my head.

ROSCREA.

From the Boston Transcript of Wednesday.

THE PRESIDENT.

Resumed his journey this morning. The weather was cold and comfortless, and every one was surprised at his hardihood. He left the Tremont House about ten o'clock this morning for Cambridge where he was received by the President and Fellows of Harvard College, and presented with the degree of L. L. D.

From Cambridge he passed, with his suite, to Charlestown, accompanied by his Excellency the Governor, and other officers of State. He was met on his entrance to the town, by the Columbian Artillery, the Light Infantry Companies, Phalanx and Guards, and escorted to Bunker Hill.

He was conducted to a raised platform near the Monument, where he was addressed by the Hon. Edward Everett in a congratulatory speech of about fifteen minutes duration, to which the President made a brief reply. He was then presented with a box made from the timber of "Old Ironsides," containing a ball thrown at the Battle of New Orleans, and another thrown at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The concourse of people was immense. The clouds suddenly dispersed, and the sun shone out, on his arrival at the battle field, in all its glory. The Monument was elegantly decorated with flags of different nations. After his reception by the Town Authorities, he ascended to the top of the unfinished monument, accompanied by the Vice President, Secretaries, &c. and remained some minutes evidently delighted with the surrounding prospect, and asking questions and listening greedily to answers. The whole battle with the position of the American and British troops, was explained to him,—and nothing however minute in detail but seemed of interest.

After partaking of a sumptuous collation provided for the occasion, he visited the Navy Yard, and from thence continued his journey to Salem, where he is expected to arrive about 5 o'clock, via Lynn.

At the moment of going to press we received the request of our friends in Virginia, to repeat the result of the trotting over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, on 23rd May. On the two mile day—*Sally Miller—Dread—Jerry—Topgallant and Sweetbriar* went for the Purse, which was won by *Sally Miller* in two heats. Time—5 23 and 5 20.

Second Day.—3 miles—five horses went for the 1st heat—*Gipsey—Lady Jackson—Jerry—Columbus* and *Screwdriver,* which was won in the short time of 8m. 1. Gipsey threw her shoe in the 1st heat, and Lady Jackson and Screw Driver were drawn. *Columbus* and *Jerry* went for the 2d, which the former won in 8—18; and the 3d in 8. 22. The purse was $300. In the 3 mile day (20th May) over the Long Island Course, *Screw Driver* beat *Macduff* 2 heats, and distanced *Cato* in the first. Time 8. 8.—8. 21.

Singular Suicides.—In a letter received by a gentleman in this city, we learn the following facts, which occurred in the neighborhood of Little Beaver, in this State. The letter states that "a very singular case, or more properly cases, of suicide took place in the neighborhood within a short time back. A woman, whose name I do not now recollect, hung herself with a hank of yarn—her sister, about two weeks after, followed her example, with the same hank—and two or three days since, another sister did the same. The fourth is now kept closely confined, her friends fearing she may commit a similar act. Last fall one of the same family hung herself, making in all four who have been the means of their own death, none of which can be acfor, even by their most intimate friends. They bore excellent characters, lived in the midst of plenty, and to all appearances were living happily."—*Pittsburgh Adv.*

A SECOND TRASK.

A lunatic, of the name of Dunn, confined in our prison, merely for safety, exhibited astonishing feats of strength a fep nights since. The jailor, the better to secure him, hand-cuffed, hobbled and chained him to a large ring and bolt, firmly fastened in the flooring. On the following morning, he was found entirely divested of his shackles, and they strewed about the room, twisted and broken in pieces. The large bolt was wrenched from the floor, and to use his own words, "it flew up to the ceiling." Thus liberated new scenes of mischief attracted his attention. By some means he loosened an iron bar from the grating, and assaulted the wall of the venerable building which enclosed him, which is of hewn stone, and about three feet in thickness, making a in it, when his career was stopped by the interference of those under whose care he was placed. He has been removed to the county poor house, where under the treatment of the steward of that excellent institution, reason may return to his disturbed mind. —*Reading Chron.*

Murder.—The Concord, N. H. Spirit of Inquiry states that the wife of Mr. Chauncey Cofran, of Pembroke, the same who was last winter with her husband assaulted with a n axe while asleep by a young man named Prescott, pretending himself also to be asleep, was on Thursday, 23d inst. murdered by the same young man in open day. Mrs. Cofran had but just recovered from the injury she had previously received, and all fears in regard to the young man's character had been for some time allayed, as his former offence was considered merely as an extraordinary instance of somnambulism. The day on which the murder took place, he told Mrs. Cofran that there was an abundance of strawberries a short distance from the house, and invited her to go with him to pick some of them. She went and when they came to the spot, he took a stake from the fence, and by beating her upon the head caused her death in a few minutes. He immediately went to the house, and sat down at the back door reading the trial of Avery. A young lady saw him, observed that he appeared very strange, and was afraid to approach him. She informed the husband of the deceased, who went out and was told by the murderer that he had killed his wife. The startled husband went directly to the spot where the deed was committed, and found his wife just expiring.—Her combs were broken and her head bruised very much. The young man's age is 18 or 19; he made no attempt to escape, and has been secured.

The only account the boy gives of himself, is, that he was taken with the tooth-ache, and he knew nothing more till he saw her before him mangled in a most shocking manner. He said he asked her forgiveness, but she could not answer, but squeezed his hand. She could not speak when the husband came to her. He is to be tried this morning, and what they will make out, we are unable to say.—These facts may be relied on as authentic.

Murder! Most Foul and Horrible.—Among the sickening details of outrage and crime which crowd upon us from all quarters of the country, the following case of cold, bloody and brutal murder, is the most revolting and horrible which has long met our eye. It is with reluctance we present these details —stained as they are with all that is black in depravity, and tiger-spirited in malice—to the readers of the Intelligencer. No one can hear the particulars of this fiendish act without a shuddor of horror—no one can regard its cowardly and brutal perpetrator as a member of our race—" nor blush to thunk himself a man."

It is by no means the first case of cruel and deliberate *fe'aicide* in this vicinity. In other instances the murderer escaped. The crime passed by unpunished. The following details are the best comment on the prudence of mercy so bestowed.

In Front, above Otter street, a poor family of the name of Sparks, and consisting of a man, his wife and several children, have for some time resided. On Monday evening Thomas Sparks, the father, who is represented as a man of the worst passions, returned home in a partial state of intoxication. The fiend in his bosom was wholly unchained—the evil passions of his nature careered in freedom, and having no other being near upon whom to vent his rage—he struck the wife of his bosom—the mother of his children, one of whom, an infant, was clinging to her breast at the time. One blow was insufficient, and procuring a stick he commenced the *task of murder* with renewed determination and vigor. He struck her with this club, until at length with a heavy blow upon the head he felled her to the earth. He then dragged her into the house. Here, while her lifeless and bloody corpse lay upon the floor before him, with the infant hanging at her breast, and the large children clinging, silent and pale, around her—the demon threw himself upon the couch—AND SLEPT! The night passed away with the horrible witness of his crime in the same room, and within a few feet of him—yet he slept on as if murder were a sport—as if blood—the blood of his wife—could be spilled upon his own hearthstone, without exciting regret or apprehension.

Even in the morning when the fumes of passion had passed off, he arose from his bed and leaving the body of his victim remaining untouched and almost unnoticed, repaired as usual to his work — When the neighbors came in they found the body extended on the floor, with one child lying asleep beside it, and the infant upon his murdered mother's breast seeking nurture from that source which its unnatural and fiendish father had forever closed. The wretch was apprehended and taken before Alderman Huchinson and committed. A coroner's jury was convened, the corpse examined by several physicians, and a verdict returned that she came to her death by blows inflicted by her husband.—*Philadelphia Intelligencer.*

Remarkable Coincidence, or something like one.—The Oxford Lyceum has an article entitled "A short discourse prepared for the benefit of Bachelors," immediately succeeded by another, "On the practice of courting after bed-time.—*Boston Post.*

Black-Hawkiana.—The distinguished reputation given to this illustrious stranger having made him an object of great public attention, we have been at considerable pains to collect as many interesting particulars concerning him, as possible. For this purpose we subsidized a genuine Boswell, the sole business of whose life for many years past, has consisted in attaching himself to the skirts of great men, worming himself into their confidence, and placing on record all the foolish things they ever said or did in their lives. We flatter ourselves that the result of the labours of this useful and industrious person, which we now lay before the public, cannot but prove highly piquant and interesting, now that the world is "pretty considerably" stultified with conversations of Lord Byron, and toad eating anecdotes of all sorts of distinguished white worthies. It is believed this is the first copper coloured *ana* ever collected, and as such we bespeak for it an attentive perusal. The translation of Black-Hawkiana have been made by the gentleman above alluded to, who was taken prisoner by this renowned chief, and escaped scalping on account of having the good fortune to wear a wig. He remained a long time among the Indians, became a perfect adept in their language, and was treated with much kindness, except that he was almost starved to death, was very badly off for clothes, often beaten by the squaws, and occasionly scorched a little at the stake on great public occasions.

When Black Hawk was at Old Point Comfort, he was generally very dull, whence many people supposed he might be in want of amusement. A beautiful young lady accordingly sat down at the piano and played, for two h s and a half, some of the most admired Italian airs. She was delighted at the charmed attention exhibited by the illustrious red man, who neither moved or uttered a syllable, and on finishing looked round for his applause, but found him as fast asleep as a church. On being waked, he gave a pretty considerable grunt, and perpetrated the following pun—" *Napitch malutat;*" which means equally "That is a *miss,*" and "that is good for nothing."

Among the ladies who honoured him with their attentions and admiration, was one remarkable for her fine hair, who made him a present of a tomahawk. Black Hawk patted her on the head and observed to his son, " *Ouasacoledamanoua*"—" What a beautiful head for scalping!"

Another lady presented him with a bottle of attar of roses, which he attempted to drink, but threw it away in great wrath, exclaiming, " *Scutawaboo!*"—" Give me some broth of fire."

At Washington Black Hawk was much annoyed by the ladies, who seem to have nothing to do but attend debates in Congress, trials for murder, and run after great men. On one occasion he got out of all patience, and observed to the Prophet—" *Dubluvchibison Jekorre Manitou*"—" What in the d—l's name do these squaws want of me!"

He was still more savage at the crowds of men, who intruded into his room and stood gaping at him as if he had been a mammoth. On one of these occasions he emphatically exclaimed, " *Etcous Assin!*"—"What a pack of asses!"

Black Hawk being carried to the theatre at Philadelphia, managed to sleep through the play, until the applauses of the audience at the song of "Jim Crow," waked him up. He endured the first repetition with tolerable resignation; but on its being encored for the fourth time louder than ever, cried out " *Peccahogo aganhitchiganuink pitchilaze*"—"When those barbarians come to visit me I shall treat them to a concert of wild cats."

Being much pleased with the attentions of a lady, he presented her with a scalp of a white woman of the frontier, which adhered to a beautiful tuft of long black hair, desiring her to wear it for his sake, this being the quintessence of gallantry among his countrymen. Observing the lady shrink from the keep-sake, he uttered in a great huff—" *Malatchitche!*"—"What a malicious squaw."

Black Hawk being invited to a Ball in Philadelphia, was pressed to join in a dance, whereupon he sent for his ball dress, consisting among other things with the horns on. In this costume he commenced such an outrageous system of capering, accompanied by such a cantata of yellings, that the admirers of nature and simplicity became greatly alarmed. The fiddlers got out of tune, the ladies screamed, and a celebrated dandy burst his boiler—that is to say, his corsetts incontinently. The red skin warrior was highly delighted, and said something which our interpreter did not hear distinctly enough to comprehend. It sounded however, he says, very much like a reflection on the courage of the dandy.

He was very unwilling to visit Castle Garden after the catastrophe of the broken bridge, suspecting there was a design to give him a ducking, but was at length overpersuaded to go and see the fire works, which however he did not much relish, observing, "It was nothing to setting fire to a Prairie, or burning up a Long Knife Town."

Black Hawk is a great amateur of naps. He passed a considerable portion of his time in sleeping —and the rest in drinking, when he could get it. Seeing a man in custody of a police officer, he enquired what was the matter. On being informed the man was drunk, and that they were going to shut him up till he was sober, he shrugged his shoulders and said, " *Manitou Nouchinson Kikerima*"—" The D—l take such republicanism."

A distinguished member of the temperance society called to solicit his *mark,* to an obligation to refrain from ardent spirits. On the subject being explained to him, he very coolly called for his tomahawk, and was going to annihilate the member, had he not been prevented. As it was, however, he let him off with a speech, which is too long to translate. It concluded with an assurance, that if the member would only visit him at his wigwam, he would not be such a "nigger" as to treat him in that manner.

INTENSE FLAME. In the flame of the compound gas blow-pipe, we perceive a power almost irresistible. The late Dr Clarke, of Cambridge, informed me he had, in one experiment, no less than an ounce weight of platinum in a state of perfect fusion in it. With it I succeeded in *fusing* the *diamond,* which seemed to be as completely *liquid* as a globule of oil, when acted on by a minute stream of air, and the jet of flame seemed actually to impress the fused portion of the diamond. With this powerful though dangerous apparatus I also melted two *emeralds* into a limpid mass. The flame, however, in this instrument, is probably *solid,* from the close contact of the inflammable matter, and the supporter of combustion. The light produced when this compound flame is forced to play on calcined lime or magnesia, is exceedingly dazzling, indeed altogether overpowering by its splendor. The principle has been made subservient to a most valuable purpose, namely, the measurement of the base of the triangle in the grand trigonometrical survey of the British Isles. Lieut Drummond, I believe, first suggested this application of this intense light, obtained from chemical means. In his experiment made in the Tower of London, a ball of calcined lime, surrounded on all sides with minute jets of flame, of alcohol, was propelled on the central ball of quicklime, by oxygen as so many radii, converging towards a centre. An officer of the royal Engineers informed me that this light was seen from one of the mountains of Morne, in Ireland, a distance of not less than sixty miles! For the light house, and night telegraph signals, this light seems pre-eminently calculated—the intelligence might have reference to its periodic duration and repetition. [Murray on Flame and Safety Lamps.

From the Western Freeman, Shelbyville, Tennessee, May 28.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas my husband Benjamin has advertised me as having left his bed and board—but as he has *no bed nor board,* (he having made over his property to his children with a view of starving me,) he has now left me to shift for myself the second time. This is the reflore to forewarn all persons from harboring him, until he provides for my maintenance, and gives security for that and his good behavior.

To all good people who wants him described,
To running away he has long been addicted;
He deserted his country, being scared at a ball,
And ran home the greatest hero of all.

For such service as this he obtained a pension,
How well he deserved it I need not mention:
But one thing for all I needs must acknowledge,
He's the worst husband God ever made to my knowledge. SUSANNA CARSON.

Mermaids.—In a certain company, the conversation touched on the reality of the existence of mermaids. One of the party affirmed that he knew their existence to be a reality—said he, "I have seen seven or more at one time, the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, with long green hair, and their young ones sucking at their breasts—and playing with them." The worthy and facetious Col. B. replied—" Sir, Capt. A. of the Betsey, informed me, that one Sunday morning, a merman had appeared to his men, dressed in gay attire, and demanded to know if the Captain was on board. The Captain soon appeared on deck. The merman addressed him as follows: "Sir, I shall feel particularly obliged by your giving orders for your anchor to be taken up; it lies against my street door, and prevents my family from going to church."—*Amesbury Chronicle.*

Marlborough-street.—A wretched looking female, named Margaret Powell, was charged with being drunk in the Haymarket. The defendant said she had fallen down from exhaustion. The policeman said she informed him she was the daughter of the Duke of Leinster, and he knew that she formerly lived in a very fashionable style. Mr. Dyer committed the unfortunate female for a few days, that she might have the benefit of medical attendance. She stated at the station-house that her father, the Duke, settled on her an annuity, and also a house at North Bank, Regent's Park, that she was married to an eminent goldsmith in the city; but after her marriage she became acquainted with a gallant captain, with whom she eloped. She lived under his protection for some time, when he deserted her.—Her husband's door being closed against her, she plunged into vice and dissipation; and she had lately endured great misery and privations.

The Jews tell us that during the sojourniment in Paradise, heaven sent down twelve baskets of tails, and while Adam was eating one of them, Eve snatched up the other nine. [Rather scandalous.

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE—June 28.

$4700	U. S. 5 per cents. 1825.		100 1-4
350	shares U. S. Bank	113	112 3-4
200	do (90 days 6 per cent.)		112 1-2
75	do Delaware & Hudson Canal,		123
11	do National Bank		112 3-4
78	do New Orleans Canal,		118
150	do New-Orleans City Bank		1-2
40	do Morris Canal,		87
50	do Commercial In Co. 90 ds. 6 p. ct.		112 1-2
250	do Franklin Insurance Co,	112	1-2 1-2
16	do Farmers' Loan Co.		104 1-4
70	do Guardian Ins. Company,		103 1-4
455	do Mohawk Rail Road Co.	136 1-2	135 1-4
30	do Saratoga Rail Road,		126
50	do Harlem Rail Road Co		96
	90 days 6 per cent.		
550	do Boston & Prov. R. Road,		111 1-4
300	do N. Y. Prov. & Boston R. R.		103
240	do N. J. R. R. and Tran. Line		107

Married,

On Wednesday evening 12th inst, by the Rev. John Garretson, Lieut. William A. Thornton of the U. S. army, to Helen, daughter of Doct. Gilbert Smith, of this city.

On Thursday morning, 20th inst. at St. Luke's Church by the Rev. Mr. Forbes, Charles R. Taylor, to Maria daughter of the late Frederick Reiler, all of this city.

At Hudson, on Thursday morning, 20th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, John J. Gaul to Miss Mary, daughter of Capt. John Power, of the former place.

At Cherry Grove, N. J on Tuesday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Barton, Robert H. Bell, merchant of this city, to Lydia H. Shotwell, of the former place.

At St. Clair, Michigan Territory, by the Rev. T. W. Merrill, Reverend Thomas Ward Merrill, of Kalamazoo county, (late of Maine,) to Miss Sarah Arvilla, youngest daughter of Hon. David Oakes, of St. Clair. After the nuptials were celebrated, the clergyman officiating (the bridegroom) claimed the gratulations of the guests, PURE WATER; accompanying the service with this sentiment—" COLD WATER—the cordial of life, unmingled, flowing from the hand of God!"

Died,

On Saturday morning, 22d inst. Mr. John M. Southart, in the 30th year of his age.

On Friday afternoon, 21st inst, Mrs. Elizabeth Owens, in the 24th year of his age.

On Thursday the 20th inst. Garit N. Bleecker, in the 65th year of his age

In New Richmond, Ohio, May 31, Mrs. Denham, wife of Rev. Josiah Denham, and on the 8th of June, an infant child of Mr. D.

On Friday, Mr. Joseph Pell, aged 28 years.

On Friday morning, Mr. James Van Beuren, an old and respectable lumber merchant, in the 69th year of his age.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & CO., School Book publishers, Boston, have in press and will soon publish the following works by Francis J. Grund, author of the Elements of Natural Philosophy.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, with Practical Exercises for the use of Schools, on the same plan as the Elements of Natural Philosophy, and designed to be a companion to it.

POPULAR LESSONS IN ASTRONOMY, in which the leading principles of this science are taught by comparisons, without the aid of numeral arithmetic, for the use of primary schools.

EXERCISES IN ALGEBRA FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, accompanied by a key for the teacher, to be used with any Algebra now in use.

EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, accompanied by a key for the teacher, to be used with any Arithmetic now in use in common schools. june 29

THE MORAL CLASS BOOK—New edition.—CARTER, HENDEE & Co. have this day published the school edition of the Moral Class Book, or the Law of Morals, derived from the Created Universe and from Revealed Religion. Intended for schools as well as private reading. By William Sullivan, LL. D.

Publishers' Advertisement.

The favorable reception of the first edition of this work, the whole being exhausted in the short period of six months, has led the author carefully to revise and improve the copy for a new edition. Some errors, inseparable from the first edition of all original works, have been corrected; and several entire new chapters have been added, embracing the nature of evidence, civil society, the moral duties of citizens, &c.

In proof of the value of this work, and its adaptation to the purposes of general instruction, the Edinburgh Journal has commenced the republication of it complete, in a series of articles under the title of POPULAR MORALS. "We have found this small volume," says the Star on perusal, "to contain a far more lucid, and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature."

june 28 2w

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book publishers, Boston, have just published

GRUND'S PHILOSOPHY.—Elements of Natural Philosophy, with Practical Exercises for the use of schools. By Francis J. Grund.

Extract from the Preface.

The general want of a suitable text-book on Natural Philosophy, adapted to young pupils, and at the same time, to the progress of instruction in this country, has for a long time past, been the subject of complaint with many of the most experienced teachers. In the following treatise, the author has endeavored not only to preserve his work from some of the gross errors, with which it is common to find elementary treatises on this science charged, but has enlarged it also with the most recent discoveries in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. As regards the general plan and arrangement of the work, it will suffice to say, that the INDUCTIVE METHOD has been pursued as far as it was practicable in a treatise of this nature.

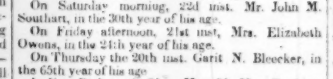
Having thus brought this treatise on Natural Philosophy to its proper limits, the author intends to have it followed by an elementary treatise on Chemistry, which will be executed on the same plan, and form a necessary sequel to this work. june 29

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.

Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !

PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WHEELING.



Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.

The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Roseide's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REDUCED TO	$2 50
" " Princeton,	1 00
" " Trenton	1 50
Breakfast on board	37 1-2

The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.

For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.

N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.

Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best hotels.

The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.

For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.

All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
j29

CENTRAL HOUSE—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 156 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in this city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention. Office No. 9 Mercer street. j22 tf

CAS

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS'

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

A HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 109 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old Frames repaired.

L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8-

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A. MERRELL.

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8 tf 76 Bowery.

BOOKS & STATIONARY.—A general assortment of School Books, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English. Also, Blank Books and Stationary, Juvenile and Toy Books, with the miscellaneous publications of the day, as they issue from the press, constantly for sale by.
j8 tf R. BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowery.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watts st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store —Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz :—stictures, gleets, gonorrhæ, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of these diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhœa, etc.
Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and confines his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases
His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 10 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.
N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transcient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalelled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

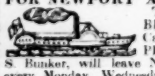
HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*
N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y] Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense*. june 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.

LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sudays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Monday, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march3 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

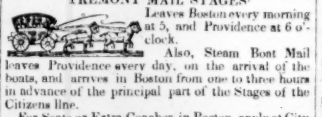
THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.—To teach children to think and read about common things, and to illustrate for parents and teachers, methods of instructing and interesting children; with a copious introduction explaining fully the method of using the book. By Jacob Abbot, Principal of Mount Vernon School.
This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. Boston. j1

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Taunton.

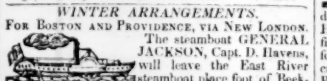
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $2 50.
To Perth Amboy, and New Brunswick 12 1-2 cts—To Trenton $1 50—Breakfast on board 37 1-2 cts.
The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
j1 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.



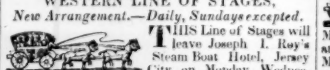
Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.



THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Suckasony Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, it intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, and to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY.
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets uncollected and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1832. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.

FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belcherton, Granby, Chickopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.
RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Hollistan, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

OBLIQUE PENS.—A fresh supply, just received, for sale by
j8 3t BUSSING & CO, 70 William-st. N. York

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE. Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days :—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturda "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday "	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

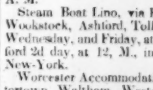
FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Tuesday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Thursday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

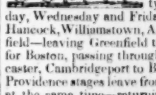
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage, via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Wookstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro,' Westboro,' Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extr Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSFON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leave Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agen*

PHOENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcster and Providence Stages.

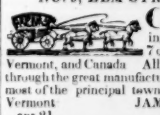


LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 9 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

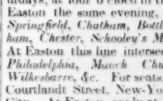
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 o'clock A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thusdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



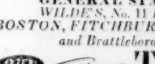
THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City, same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa: W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors.*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDES, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.



THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 2 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE,
wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1 2, Maiden lane, near Broadway N York Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either salid or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hooks and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple-wrenchers and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights. Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. j8

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD !*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen,